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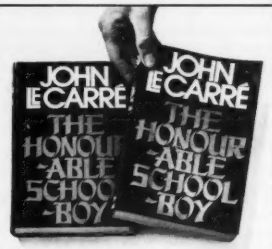

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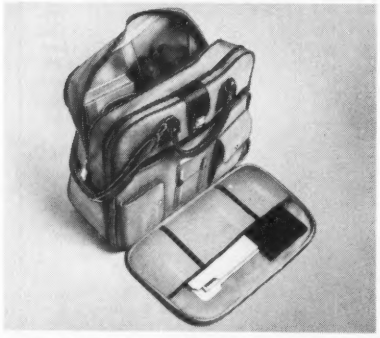

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NewTimes

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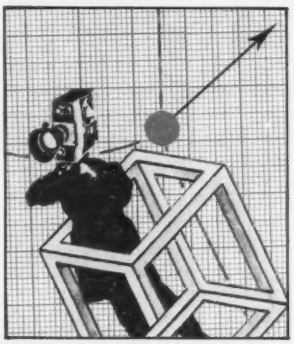

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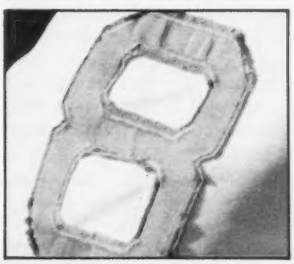

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LETTERS

Notes on the Last Frontier

I would like to comment on Michael Parfit's article, which appeared as the cover story in the September 18, 1978 issue of *New Times*. The article, which took up nearly the entire issue, was devoted to the state I represent in Congress and the controversy regarding Alaskan lands.

While there were some things in the article I disagree with, I was pleasantly surprised by the article as a whole. Most of the journalism and comment in the lower 48 can be characterized as knee-jerk environmentalism. Mr. Parfit, however, took the time to travel extensively in the state and to speak to Alaskans. But most importantly, he listened and, throughout, kept an open mind and an objective stance.

There are two points, however, I would like to take issue with. First, on page 60, Mr. Parfit states that "the land will not be used with care and for necessity; it will be plundered and abandoned to feed our society's waste." Evidently, Mr. Parfit has fallen into the same trap as others where resource management is concerned. Obviously, people made mistakes in the past when dealing with the environment. At the present time, rape-and-ruin development doesn't happen. State and federal laws protect the land from destruction, and I'll put the State of Alaska's environmental record up against anyone's.

The other point concerns the discussion Mr. Parfit had with the Alaska Coalition, which appeared on page 66. I challenge some of his statements about finances. For example, I know he did not speak with the Citizens for the Management of Alaska Lands about rumors regarding employees' salaries. I think some additional checking is warranted.

Aside from these points, the article was excellent. Alaskans have been short-changed and badmouthed by the press in the lower 48 for the last several years. We have finally been treated fairly in public print and we appreciate it.

Don Young
Congressman for All Alaska
Washington, D.C.

After visiting Yosemite National Park this summer and being appalled by bus systems, exhaust fumes, traffic jams, hordes of people, crowded stores—all of the things I thought I was escaping by going there—I began

to realize that the passage of "d-2" is only the beginning of the fulfilling of a dream. There must also be very careful planning of usage of this extraordinary Alaskan wilderness so that it will stay wild. After reading your article I allowed myself to dream again, especially if people with visions, like John Kaufman, are involved in the planning.

My thanks to Michael Parfit for his objective and lyrical piece.

Susan Grinberg Kahn
Hanover, New Hampshire

Michael Parfit's Alaska issue is the best piece of comprehensive, sustained magazine journalism I've read. His taste, style and balance are nearly impeccable. I do not, however, share his rather spiritual optimism. If anything like Carter's proposal for Alaska wilderness makes it through the Senate, it will reflect the non-representative quality of our democracy—an intelligent decision reached in spite of the unfortunate wishes of most people.

James S. Coon
Portland, Oregon

One man's view of one state, however well written, is the stuff of books—not magazines.

New Times's appeal to me is that I know I'll always find at least one article that appeals and provokes. But if there's only one article . . . well, maybe next time.

Alan Vaughan
San Francisco, California

I recently subscribed to your immensely enjoyable publication and proceeded to read it from cover to cover. Congratulations. I love it.

The reason I am writing is that the special issue on Alaska has made my blood boil. How long can this country survive? We all recognize the mistakes of our forefathers, and we should all hang our heads in shame. We ran the Indians off; we ran unknown species of flora and fauna off; we have destroyed, and are continuing to destroy, the abiotic environment, and on top of all that we want more. Has it not become obvious to us all that the old way of doing things is wrong?

I am with Jimmy. Let's put away as much of Alaska as we can get away with. Tell all of those stuffy businessmen in Alaska to go to hell or at least to the warmer lower 48. The money market here will be more than glad to accept them.

Ray Jack
Chattanooga, Tennessee

The Alaska Coalition—a nationwide network of environmental, civic, labor and sporting groups committed to protecting a portion of Alaska's wildlands—would like to thank you for the superb special issue entitled, "Alaska—The Eleventh Hour for America's Wilderness."

While we cannot agree with all of the views expressed, author Michael Parfit's grasp of the issues surrounding the Alaska lands legislation resulted in a balanced and accurate presentation, while offering the reader a sense of the state's character—the warmth and the challenge it provides to residents and visitors alike.

As Mr. Parfit mentions, Congress has been deliberating the Alaska lands legislation this year. Today, after three weeks of delay, the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee has resumed work on this critical conservation bill. The committee's version of the bill is drastically weakened from that passed by the House on May 19, 1978 and therefore is unacceptable to the Alaska Coalition. Once the bill is out of committee, the coalition plans to fight for strengthening amendments on the floor and, if necessary, in a House-Senate conference committee.

As Mr. Parfit aptly expresses: At stake in Alaska is America's last great wilderness—which should be safeguarded in its own right for future generations.

We thank you and Mr. Parfit for bringing this issue to the attention of *New Times*' readers.

Charles M. Clusen
Chairman, Alaska Coalition
Washington, D.C.

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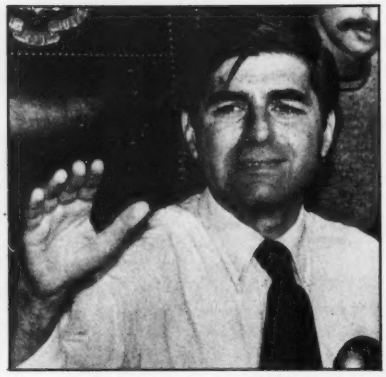
Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

THE NEW NIHILISM

The morning after the September 12 primary in Minnesota, the first edition of the *Washington Star* headlined the apparent victory of liberal Congressman Don Fraser in the race for the Democratic Senate nomination as an important break in the conservative tide running through national politics. Within hours, as returns from rural Minnesota flipped the result, late editions of the *Star* explained the narrow win of antiabortion, antitax, anti-environment candidate Robert Short over Fraser as predictable evidence of the trend to the right. And a week later, when Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis lost renomination to a Democratic insurgent who campaigned for governor by campaigning against government, his defeat seemed to confirm the liberals' worst fears: Even Minnesota, the state that produced Hubert Humphrey, and Massachusetts, the only state that went for George McGovern, had fallen to the New Right.

One could argue, however, that so far the results of the midterm primaries are more confused than conservative. 1972 McGovern coordinator Bill Clinton is about to be elected governor of Arkansas. John Hill, though he shies from the liberal label, is in fact the most progressive Democratic nominee for governor of Texas in history. Even in Massachusetts, the picture depends on which elections one chooses to interpret. "Mostly the usual liberals won," notes one-time Kennedy and Johnson adviser, Richard Goodwin. Of the state's four contests for district attorney in which there was no incumbent, candidates opposed to capital punishment won three.

Nor do the Fraser and Dukakis defeats necessarily spell liberal repudiations. Fraser was outspent nearly 5 to 1 in advertising by Short, a millionaire who financed his own campaign. And the week before the vote, Short sent Republicans a letter explaining how they could cast a Democratic ballot in Minnesota's open primary. An estimated 100,000 Republicans did just that; most of them presumably voted for Short while Fraser was losing by a scant 4,000 votes. In effect, Republicans picked the Democratic senatorial nominee in Minnesota; not surprisingly, their choice



Loser Dukakis: Only $50,000 for TV

was the more conservative candidate. "Among Democrats alone, Fraser would have won by ten points," says Alan Baron, editor of Washington's most influential newsletter, the *Baron Report*.

There were similarly non-ideological causes for Dukakis' downfall. The 44-year-old governor, who chafed at strong but effective campaign management in his successful 1974 effort, appointed a friend with little political experience to direct his reelection bid. Of the $500,000 that the campaign raised, only $50,000 was allocated for television.

It is dubious in any case that Dukakis' loss was a liberal one, since it is doubtful that he really is a liberal. "I don't believe he's viewed by most people in this state as a liberal," explains one of Massachusetts' top political operatives. "The unions and those who wanted higher social spending saw him as a fiscal conservative; people who were uptight about issues like abortion were the only ones who saw him as liberal." Indeed, in the Democratic primary, Dukakis faced not only right-wing businessman Edward King, but a challenge from the left.

Another factor in Dukakis' and Fraser's losses was the recent national trend toward one-issue voting. "We're seeing more and more one-issue constituencies," complains Dukakis (and Carter) pollster Pat Caddell, "and potentially this is a disaster. You just can't run a democracy this way." In Minnesota, the Short forces aired frequent television commercials inaccurately accusing Fraser of supporting fetal research. Large numbers of antiabortion, anti-Fraser ads also appeared in the Catholic press, and similar material was distributed at Catholic churches the weekend before the election. "Abortion was the decisive issue with Catholics," says Fraser media adviser John Martilla.

It could also be decisive in several contests this November. The National Conference of Catholic Bishops now finances a "Pro-Life Activities Committee." A troubled Jesuit theologian says: "They don't care where a candidate stands on any other issue." Catholic church bulletins in Iowa have been assailing Senator Dick Clark, a candidate for reelection, because he voted against cutting off Medicaid funds for abortions for poor women. "We better rethink what we're doing," the Jesuit theologian worries, "or we're going to convince people that what the bigots were saying when John Kennedy ran in 1960 has turned out to be true."

When you add to the discontent of one-issue voters "a certain amount of frustration at taxes and inflation, you have a critical mass of voters," says Pat Caddell. In Proposition 13 and its political progeny, he perceives not a revival of conservative principles as a positive, programmatic guide to good government, but "an exploding sense of frustration at the system and its inability to respond." People have not become hard-core conservatives. But they *are* angry. They want to hit back, and government is the most convenient target. "It's an anger at all institutions," says Ralph Nader, "but people can get to government. If we could have a Proposition 13 on the oil companies, it would pass too." (In fact, there will be a popular referendum on a different institution in Missouri this fall: Surveys in that once moderate-to-liberal state now show widespread disapproval of unions and 2 to 1 support for right-to-work laws.)

Six days after the Massachusetts primary, Jimmy Carter spent 20 minutes on the phone pleading with Governor Dukakis to endorse Ed King, the man who beat him, even though Dukakis agrees across a far broader range of issues with King's Republican opponent. Carter placed the call at the request of House Speaker Tip O'Neill, anxious to save his son, the lieutenant governor—who is coupled on the November ballot with King—from defeat. But the President's intervention on behalf of conservative King also reflected his own efforts to accommodate growing antigovernment sentiment. Thus he has postponed health insurance and two weeks ago vetoed the public works bill as "wasteful" and "inflationary." And under heavy pressure from the Congressional Black Caucus, Carter has agreed to push only a very scaled-down version of the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill.

Photograph: Wide World

(One prominent liberal in the Carter Administration fears that the President "may end up having it neither way"—that, like Dukakis, he might finally seem too fiscally conservative to minorities, labor and the left, but too fiscally moderate to the tax cutters.)

While Carter has a strategy that may or may not work, traditional liberals hardly have one at all. "The liberals in the Senate are still fighting for Harry Truman's program," says Richard Goodwin, one of the brightest of the Kennedy men. "There are new ideas being generated, but most liberal politicians aren't bothering to read them."

"We all misinterpreted the 1972 loss," suggests an antiwar reform Democrat now in the Carter Administration. "We took it as a reason to stand cautiously for the status quo." Today, in fact, many liberals have cautiously pulled back even from such liberal stand-bys as tax reform, antitrust legislation and military cutbacks. "The control of the political argument is now completely in the hands of the tax cutters," concludes campaign consultant John Martilla. "The debate doesn't have to be one-sided, but it is."

Beleaguered liberals do have at least one consolation: "Some of those reactionary ding-dongs," as pollster John Gorman calls them, "are going to be elected, and then they have to produce—and they can't." In Massachusetts, Democratic gubernatorial nominee King favors a Proposition 13 for his state—along with more highways, higher salaries for state police and mandatory prison sentences (even though Bay State prisons already are crowded beyond capacity). And the waste that supposedly can be slashed so states can have both tax cuts and services is mostly a myth. "What waste exists is highly visible," says an Administration economist "—road crews leaning on shovels and so forth—but it doesn't add up to much." Yet it is precisely this mythical waste that makes the various Proposition 13s seem plausible to voters. Their advocates certainly aren't suggesting cutting government services—and for good political reasons. "Everybody favors Proposition 13," says pollster Gorman, "but if you ask whether they would be willing to reduce teachers 20 percent—or police or firemen 10 percent—to pay for it, there are 7 to 1 majorities against it."

Gorman believes that Proposition 13 may be a "self-terminating trend." But he adds that this in turn will reinforce popular anger and reaction. "As voters discover they have been tricked again," he says, "we are going to end up with more alienation"—and more Americans convinced that the only effective political acts are negative ones. In the end, the New Right may simply come to mean the new nihilism. ●

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

The *Times* Avoids Trial. In her story, "Women Take the *New York Times* to Court" (*NT*, 10/2/78), Judith Coburn told of the sex-discrimination suit filed against the newspaper by a group of its female employees. Because the atmosphere at the *Times* could play an important part in the trial, Coburn wrote, "Witnesses may be asked who slept with whom, which editors and reporters have drinking problems and which veteran staffers are still at the paper... even though in the private estimation of their bosses, they haven't written a word worth publishing in ten years." As one *Times* staffer told Coburn, the trial promises to be "nothing less than the single worst moment in the history of this newspaper."

Perhaps management agreed. In early October, the *Times* settled out of court with the women, promising:

- To pay a total of $233,500 in annuities to the approximately 560 women affected by the suit. (If the recipients choose, they can get the money now in one lump sum);
- To pay up to $100,000 to cover the women's legal expenses;
- To pay $1,000 each to the 15 women who gave depositions;
- To implement an affirmative action plan that a lawyer for the women says is better than the current one. (A *Times* lawyer says it is actually *weaker*.)

Both sides called the settlement a victory, although the *Times* did so less than convincingly. "We regard today's announcement as total vindication of the *New York Times* and as full refutation of the charges against us," said *Times* Vice President James Goodale, almost as though no money were changing hands.

A Little Help From Our Friends. Becky O'Malley's story about Disney World ("Mickey Say, Mickey Do," *NT*, 10/16/78) was prepared with assistance from the Center for Investigative Reporting, whose help we neglected to acknowledge when the story appeared.

The Truth About Alaska. The 50th state is a big place, but not as big as we indicated in our recent special issue "Alaska" (*NT*, 9/18/78). Accompanying our story was a map whose key reported that one-half inch represented one million square miles. We meant to say one million square *acres*. ●

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"We just lost a Pope, which is very sad, and now we lose to the Yankees, which is also very sad."

—Humberto Cardinal Medeiros, Archbishop of Boston, discussing the Red Sox loss to the Yankees in the American League championship playoff game.

The Insider

Overstepping bounds

Strauss Wins Pyrrhic Victory

In the midst of rumors that Robert Strauss will be replaced as President Carter's anti-inflation czar, The Insider has learned of a recent White House power play which signaled trouble for the veteran Democratic presidential advisor.

Last month, growing confusion over how to formulate anti-inflation policy erupted into a verbal battle between Strauss and Deputy Assistant to the President Landon Butler. Butler, who had been sitting in on all strategy sessions concerning inflation, was serving as the liaison to labor and other organizations, such as Ralph Nader's public interest lobby, which advise the Administration on ways to cut rising costs. Strauss felt that Butler, a Georgian, was inexperienced and contributed only to muddying the waters.

Deciding he'd had enough of the meddling in his affairs, Strauss forced a show down, telling Butler that he would resign if the Georgian didn't keep his hands off inflation policy. Next, Strauss circulated a memo designating Lee Kling, a Strauss loyalist from Missouri who served with him on the Democratic National Committee, as the clearing point for inflation-related dealings with outside groups.

Landon Butler has—"at his own discretion," according to a White House aide—stepped into the shadows for the time being. But in Washington, where wins and losses are often short-lived, Bob Strauss may be forced to reconsider. "Strauss overreached," one high-level Carter advisor explains, "You don't cross the Georgians where Carter is concerned, even Mondale tries to get along with them."

WIDE WORLD

Strauss: Whittling Dixie

Invisible ink

Agencies Agree On Loophole

A new "Memorandum of Understanding" between the Justice Department and CIA was recently presented to the House Subcommittee on Government Information and Individual Rights as an assurance that the guise of "national security" could not be used to cloak unlawful activity. The memo evolved out of testimony, given to the committee last September by top Justice and CIA officials, regarding procedures for investigating and prosecuting CIA misconduct.

However, upon closer reading of the agreement, Rep. Paul McCloskey (R.-Ca.) revealed a glaring loophole toward the end of the document. Whenever the CIA director "believes security or other circumstances warrant . . .", the agreement read, he could deal directly with the Attorney General, on a confidential basis.

Foiled by McCloskey's eagle eye, the Justice Department and CIA have been ordered back to the drawing boards. Their revised proposal, The Insider has learned, will suggest that the Attorney General and CIA director put the "circumstances" in writing. —*Dorothy J. Samuels and James A. Goodman*

Where it all will end, knows God!

Is the Pope Catholic?

While Italian newspapers were demanding an autopsy on the body of Pope John Paul I, *Time* and *Newsweek* were demonstrating just how little they actually knew about his death. Among the key questions raised in the October 9 editions of the newsmagazines:

What caused the death? "Without any warning, a heart attack ended the brief, sunny reign of Pope John Paul I," said *Newsweek*. "John Paul died of a massive stroke," opined *Time*.

How long was his reign? An unlikely point of controversy, to be sure, but *Newsweek* put it at 34 days, while *Time* opted for a more conservative 33.

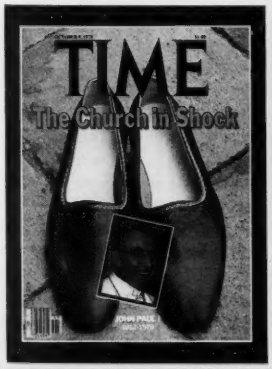
What were his last words? Upon being informed of the murder of a left-wing student by right-wing extremists in Rome, John Paul said either, "They kill each other—even the young people" (*Time*), or "Are those young people shooting each other again? Really, it is terrible" (*Newsweek*).

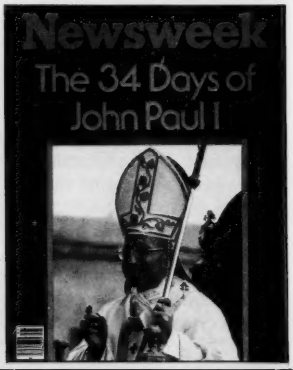
Was there a papal ring, and was it smashed? "The onlookers were left with only the ancient rituals to perform," said *Newsweek*. "Custom required that Cardinal Villot tap John Paul lightly on the forehead with the traditional silver hammer, saying solemnly: 'Albino, Albino, Albino, you are dead,' then that he remove the gold ring from John Paul's left hand and break its inlaid seal." *Time* disagreed: "John Paul's papal ring will not be smashed—because there had not yet been time to mint one for him."

In what position was the body when it was discovered? According to *Time*, John Paul was "propped up on pillows in a half-sitting position, with a reading lamp still on and Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* open beside him." *Newsweek*'s version: "The Pope was slumped forward in bed, his face pressed into the open book."

What expression was on the Pope's face? "John Paul's face was contorted, robbing it of the serene smile that so many had found endearing," said *Newsweek*. Said *Time*, "His face bore the sort of smile that had already earned him around the world the appellation 'the smiling Pope,' as if to suggest that he had effortlessly slipped into eternity."

Meanwhile, rumors that the next Pope would take his name from his *three* predecessors, thus becoming Pope John Paul John Paul I, went unconfirmed. —*Paul Slansky*





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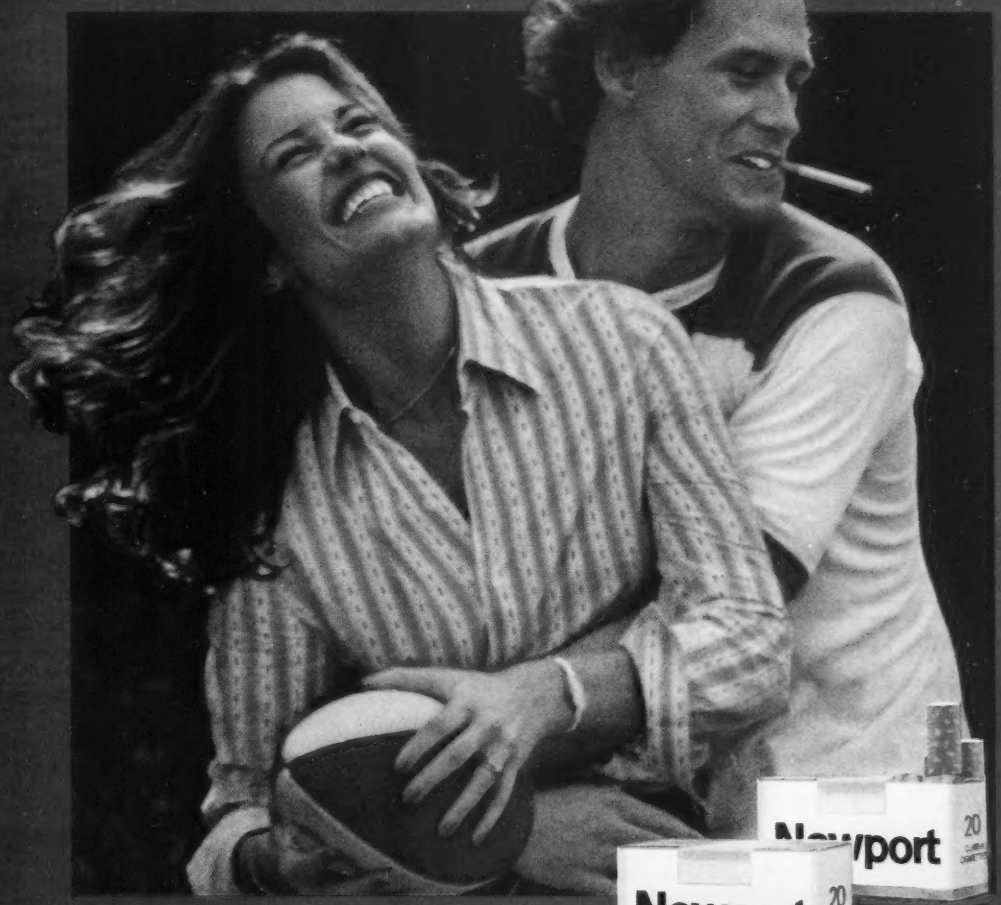
Newport



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

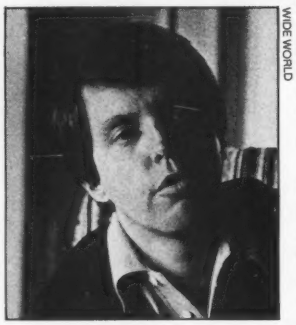
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Where there's a Curb, there's a gutter

California's Mr. Clean Once Sang to a Different Tune

With his boyish good looks and corporate whiz-kid image, Mike Curb, California's GOP candidate for lieutenant governor, has emerged as one of the state's brightest Republican prospects in years. A self-made millionaire in the record industry by age 22, and producer of such all-American classics as Debby Boone's "You Light Up My Life," Curb has sky-rocketed in the polls and sent whispers through GOP circles that they may have a latter-day Ronald Regan in the making.

What they may in fact have is a latter-day Spiro Agnew.



WIDE WORLD

Curb pleads innocence

Curb's squeaky-clean image took a severe battering early this month over the allegations that the 32-year-old boy wonder had been involved in the production of a "pornographic" movie, and had "profiteered" from loans his record company made to his campaign.

The larger controversy centered on Curb's connection to *Mondo Hollywood*, a 1967 film about the movie capital's seamy underside, which Curb's Democratic opponent, incumbent Mervyn Dymally, has branded as "pornographic." (One scene in the movie showed a young maid stripping off her robe before the attentive eyes of a burly, cigar-smoking woman—a sequence which had "lesbian implications," according to a Dymally aide.)

Curb first denied any knowledge of the film, but producer Robert Cohen had a better memory: He recalled that Curb not only wrote several songs for *Mondo Hollywood*, but had also performed a lilting falsetto that was used during the strip scene. (The credits attributed the performance to somebody named "Michelle.") No longer denying Curb's involvement, his press secretary, Kim Leisner, insisted that the film "is not pornographic" and "has no lesbian connotations."

Dymally also charged that Curb was using campaign funds to pay interest on loans that his record company, several financial backers and he personally made to the Curb campaign. The candidate again denied the accusations. But when his campaign reports were made public this month, over $50,000 in "accrued expenses" were listed as interest payments, including some $8,700 to Curb and his record company. Despite the report, Leisner insisted that "there will be no interest charged on any loan." She stressed that Curb's status as a millionaire insures that "he's not in it for the money."

Leisner further denied that the charges have done any serious damage to Curb's pristine image. Ticking off a list of entertainers whose records he has produced—including Donny and Marie Osmond, Pat and Debby Boone, and teeny-bopper sensation Shaun Cassidy—she concluded, "One film 12 years ago cannot possibly offset those people." —*Paul Grabowicz*

The other side of the law

Stroup Sees White House Smoke Signal, And Says He'll Resign

The final chapter of the Peter Bourne affair (INSIDER–8/21/78) has just been written by NORML National Director Keith Stroup in a memo to that group's advisory board announcing his intention "to gradually phase out my involvement in the day-to-day operation of NORML over the next six months." Stroup, who is beginning his ninth year as director of the drug lobby he founded, fueled the controversy that lead to Bourne's resignation as White House drug advisor.

Stroup turns in his badge

"Had I decided not to retire on my own," Stroup admits, "a coalition would have continued to argue for my removal—encouraged by the White House." Ironically, as he drafted his resignation statement, Stroup learned of a renewed attempt by the White House to force him out of NORML. He claimed, "They [Administration officials] told a number of people we have worked with for years that this truce period, where you can work both sides of the fence, had come to an end."

Stroup cited one person on NORML's advisory board who, he said, was told that any further work for the government as a consultant would be jeopardized by his continued association with NORML. "I asked myself," Stroup said, "what price will NORML pay if I remain." He answered, "It's not my style to walk away, but I decided to duck this fight."

To sum up his career thus far, Stroup is busy writing a book under the working title "The Dope Lobby," which he says will include, "my side of the Bourne story." It's not a "smoke and tell," he insists, adding that the only discussion of drug use will be "on a moral level, especially where it affected policy making."

Stroup also plans to start a national law firm specializing in drug-related cases. "We hope to help dealers turn the corner from being treated as violent criminals," he says, "to where they will have a voice in bringing drug distribution into the free market."

—*Al Brewer*

Greener pastures

Jamaica Spreads the Good Weed

Americans may soon be in for a new travel incentive. As the Jamaican parliament considers decriminalizing marijuana, Prime Minister Michael Manley is reportedly viewing domestic-grown grass as a potentially fertile cash crop to bolster the island's economy and balance of trade.

"At some point in time, the Jamaican government is going to have to turn to someone to be the distributors for its pot," explained an American journalist who, along with his colleagues—a Wall Street stockbroker, a well-known Jamaican author and a former member of the Jamaican parliament—recently started Jamaica Highways. "And when that time comes, we'll be there." The New York City-based firm has met with U.S. travel agents, discussed possible advertising campaigns, and held discussions with representatives of the Jamaican government, including some cabinet level officials.

Although Jamaican Highways has yet to approach Prime Minister Manley with its plans, it appears the Jamaican leader has been doing his own marketing research. Sources report that Manley met with U.S. government officials last year to sound out the possibility of exporting pot to the U.S. in the event of legalization. "We could have Jamaican grass on the street here within 48 hours of decriminalization," predicts a Jamaica Highways spokesman. —*Ken Cummins and Lois Romano*

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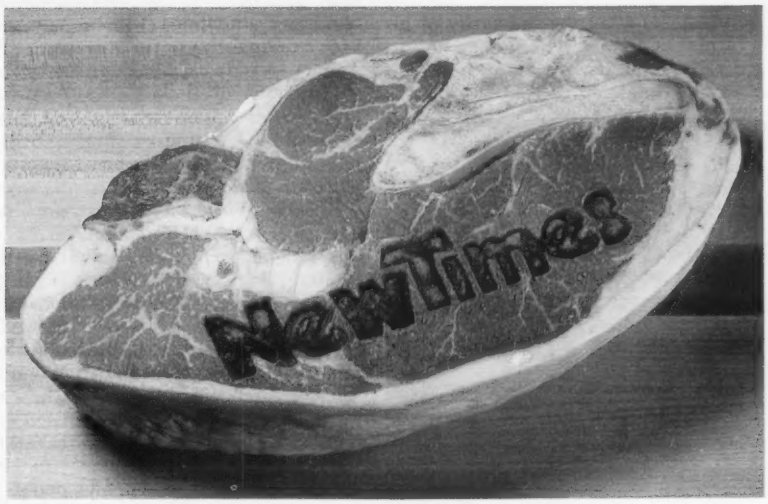

The Insider Special Report

IVY PRESIDENT SERVES CIA

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE CAMPUS

When Brown University's trustees named Barnaby Conrad Keeney the school's 12th president in 1955, he seemed the perfect choice—a prominent historian with a graduate degree from Harvard, who had rapidly moved up the administrative hierarchy of the Providence, Rhode Island college. What few people at the ivy league school knew, however, was that Keeney had secretly maintained a professional relationship with the Central Intelligence Agency.

In a recent interview at his retirement home in Little Compton, Rhode Island, Keeney further admitted that his association with the CIA had continued during the 11 years of his presidency. While refusing to provide details, he revealed sufficient information to allow his intelligence career to be at least partially reconstructed.

The services Keeney performed for the CIA, according to Morton Halperin, a former Kissinger aide turned CIA critic, were generally representative of the way in which the Agency secretly used academics at more than 100 American colleges and universities. "There was a revolving door between the ivy league schools, particularly Harvard, and the CIA," recalls a distinguished historian who attended Harvard shortly after Keenev. "The same people controlled staffing for history departments and for the analysis division of the intelligence services. Barney Keeney was roped into that network."

Keeney was dean of Brown's graduate school when he first took a leave of absence to work for the CIA in 1951. He spent the next year helping top Agency officials design a training program for new recruits, according to Lyman Kirkpatrick, a former CIA executive director and a Brown political science professor since 1965.

Campus sources have confirmed that this was the only time Keeney formally notified the university of his CIA ties. There is no indication that anyone at the school knew the content of his classified work. "I was aware Barnaby worked for the CIA in 1951," says John McIntyre, special assistant to five presidents at Brown since World War II, "but I never knew what he did, or that he continued to work for them. I don't know that anyone did."

Keeney's colleagues at Brown may have known nothing of his intelligence work, but his Agency associates kept a close eye on the progress of his academic career. "Naturally," wrote then CIA Inspector General Kirkpatrick after learning of Keeney's presidential appointment, "I hope that the best of Brown will be encouraged to make intelligence a career." And Brown faculty members recall CIA requests to provide references for students who were unaware that they were under scrutiny.

Keeney admitted only to having advised the Agency on ways of setting up covert funding operations, and refused to discuss the specific advice he had given. The Insider, however, has learned, that in 1962 Keeney began serving as chairman of one such cover organization—the Human Ecology Fund—a front for perhaps the most controversial domestic program in the CIA's history. The fund was one of several dummy foundations which, over a twenty-year period, the Agency secretly used to channel millions of dollars into mind-control research, including LSD testing on human subjects, as part of a project code-named MKULTRA.

Keeney said he was told by CIA officials that MKULTRA was designed to counter Soviet and Chinese brainwashing techniques, developed through the use of psychchemicals and hypnosis. But internal CIA documents indicate the Agency had long before turned to offensive uses for behavior control. It sought to break down the mental defenses of enemy agents and, according to one memo, "to get control of an individual to the point where he will do our bidding against his will and even against such fundamental laws of human nature as self-preservation."

While Keeney indicates that covert funding was necessary to hide the CIA's involvement from enemy nations, a 1957 inspector general's report, drafted by Kirkpatrick and critical of MKULTRA, suggests other reasons for secrecy. The CIA wished to protect its researchers from the opprobrium of colleagues who would have considered the experiments "unethical and . . . [bordering] on the illegal." Furthermore, many of the scholars, whose research was financed by the fund, never knew that it was a CIA conduit.

Last fall, the CIA confidentially notified 80 institutions, including 44 colleges and universities, that their campuses had played host to MKULTRA research. The Agency never informed Brown officials of Keeney's function at the Human Ecology Fund or any other aspect of his intelligence work. "I know that some of my colleagues at other ivy league schools are tearing their hair out trying to find out more from the CIA about what kind of work was done on their campuses," said Brown's current president, Howard Swearer, when told of his predecessor's involvement, "and they aren't having any luck. Given the fragmentary nature of the information which the CIA provides, it probably doesn't matter much that we weren't informed." He declined to comment further.

Keeney's CIA career remains partially enshrouded in mystery. It has not been possible to determine whether Keeney maintained his relationship with the CIA after leaving Brown in 1966 to head another prestigious organization: the National Endowment for the Humanities. When questioned as to whether the NEH was ever used to cloak CIA operations, he asked incredulously, "Do you know what would happen to an agent who used the NEH as a cover?" After a dramatic pause he answered, "He would be killed." He would not elaborate on this peculiar assertion. *—Andrew Sommer and Marc Cheshire*

Keeney: Working for another master

The Insider

They're mad as hell

Filmmakers Fight for Time On the Air

Twenty four independent film producers filed a $2 million antitrust suit last month against the three major networks, claiming the television conglomerates bar freelance filmmakers from the broadcast market. The group, which includes many prominent documentarians, also asked the court to break up the airwaves monopoly by forcing ABC, NBC, and CBS to contract with independent producers for their public affairs and news programing.

Although the networks claim to be open to outside work, the number of actual purchases, according to plaintiff Joel Levitch, can be counted on one hand. The networks have broadcast independent programs, Levitch says, but only when the footage was otherwise unavailable (as with CBS's recent purchase of the BBC program about terrorists). Even then, he adds, the networks have used only short pieces of the independent footage, slicing them into an in-house produced show.

"Except for a handful of hours on PBS," says Levitch, "the networks control the entire marketplace for news and public affairs. In effect, they are conducting a group boycott against independent producers."

The court date is scheduled for early November. A corporate spokesperson for CBS described the lawsuit as "totally without merit," citing BBC's "Terror International" and "a couple of segments" of "Magazine" and the religious program, "Lamp Unto My Feet" as evidence of CBS's willingness to broadcast outside programs this year.

"In essence, what is involved in the lawsuit is the network's right to select its material," she said.—*Debra Weiner*

How much for Nixon?

Scientologists Post Bounty On Politicians

The Hollywood-based Church of Scientology, locked in mortal combat with federal authorities, is offering up to $10,000 in reward for information leading to the conviction of government officials. The church is currently buying space in major publications across the country in the name of American Citizens for Honesty in Government (ACHG) to publicize their campaign.

The reward comes on the heels of a federal indictment recently filed against Mary Sue Hubbard (wife of Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard) and ten other church activists, on charges of conspiracy to steal government documents, burglary and obstruction of justice. Barclay Bean, president of ACHG,

denies that his group is going after the feds to avenge the pending criminal action.

One lead being pursued by the money-laden Scientologists, claims Bean, concerns Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents who allegedly looked the other way as New Mexico state troopers peddled heroin. The feds refused to comment on the new reward campaign. But DEA spokesman Con Dougherty claims the alleged New Mexico heroin operation was news to him. "Nobody seems to know about that here," says Dougherty.

—*Joel Kotkin and Dorothy J. Samuels*

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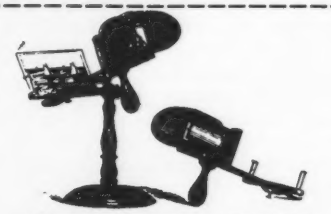

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Wait till Bear Bryant hears this!

Now I Understand—That's Why They Call It Foot*ball*, Right?

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Ball carrier caught off guard

Football, America's violent, macho pastime, is actually "a form of homosexual behavior," according to a Berkeley anthropologist.

All that brutality on the gridiron, explains Alan Dundes of the University of California in a recent study, is just part of an "adolescent initiation ritual" in which teams play out gay fantasies by trying to "cream" the opposition. "The game," Dundes says, "is a way of allowing us to have physical contact with other men."

Dundes bases his theory on the "sexually suggestive" language used to describe America's most popular spectator sport. Each team, he notes, tries to "penetrate" the opponent's "middle" by "opening up a hole" or "making a pass." The goal, of course, is "to score" by "going all the way" into the "endzone."

Berkeley football coach Roger Theder doesn't agree. "He's just twisting football terminology around to fit his own needs—you could do the same thing with softball. I think it's totally ridiculous," says Theder of the anthropologist's theory.

"The truth hurts, and I think I've struck a nerve," retorts Dundes. "Face it, there's got to be more to football than a nice way to spend a Saturday afternoon— 80,000 people don't turn out for roller derby."

—Ray Riegert

No moral fiber

Governors Balk at Brown Lung

DOUG MACGEE/BLACK STAR

Cotton factory casualty

"Breathing cotton fiber is like breathing carrot juice," according to Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton, "It doesn't feel good, but it won't hurt you." With that kind of clear thinking, the 44th Annual Southern Governors Conference voted unanimously to send a delegation to the White House asking for a freeze on cotton dust standards until regulations more in line with the industry's desires can be developed.

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration originally planned to enforce a new set of standards for human exposure to the fiber dust beginning Sept 4, because of the high incidence of brown lung, a pulmonary disease found among employees of cotton gins and factories. But Jimmy Carter's band of inflation fighters, afraid that the industry's costs in meeting the regulations may "fuel the fires," convinced the President to implement the dust standards gradually, over a four-year period.

Claiming that only 1 percent of cotton workers ever get anything resembling brown lung, the textile manufacturers met with the governors among the fairways and tennis courts of Hilton Head Island off the coast of South Carolina. Two industry leaders spoke at the conference—no representatives of the workers were invited to voice their side—and several South Carolina mills chipped in a total of $2,750 to help fund the event. To seal the bargain, the manufacturers gave each governor a set of sheets and towels topped off with a London Fog raincoat.

The Carolina Brown Lung Association (CBLA) estimates that 35,000 workers over 45 years of age are totally disabled from brown lung, 30,000 are partially disabled, and hundreds of thousands of others now working in the mills are suffering from "monday morning asthma," the first chest-tightening signs of the illness. "Maybe they should hold their conference in mill villages instead of Hilton Head," noted one CBLA leader.

—Bill Bishop

Junta Kreps

Human Rights Traded-In

The Carter Administration, under intense pressure from the Commerce Department and American business people, is beginning to back off its human rights stance against Argentina's Videla junta.

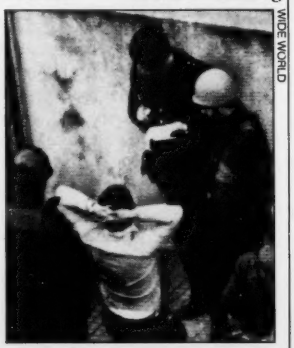
In a move portending an overall change in foreign policy, the State Department has advised the U.S. export-import bank to issue Argentina a "letter of intent" indicating it will look favorably on financing the purchase of $270 million in hydroelectric turbines from the Allis-Chalmers Corporation. The deal was originally blocked due to the Administration's condemnation of human rights violations in Argentina.

Faced with the country's massive trade deficit, the President has announced an export promotion program which requires federal agencies to consider how their guidelines might affect exports. The Allis-Chalmers affair gives notice that human rights are one of the areas requiring greater "flexibility."

The shift in the Administration's policy represents a significant victory for business people who have been waging an extensive lobbying campaign against Carter's formally rigid human rights position. Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps has openly opposed the use of American trade as a "political gesture." And U.S. business people have been invoking the favorable investment prospects of the Argentina economy.

State Department officials have defended their change of heart as a positive sign from the U.S. that, they hope, will be reciprocated by the Argentine junta. Their reasoning, however, overlooks the fact that the Buenos Aires government is still waging war against a significant portion of its population. The Council on Hemispheric Affairs' estimates of human rights violations in Argentina—15,000 disappeared, 8-10,000 imprisoned and 6,000 dead—continue to mount.

—Michael Massing



WIDE WORLD

Arrested Argentinian style

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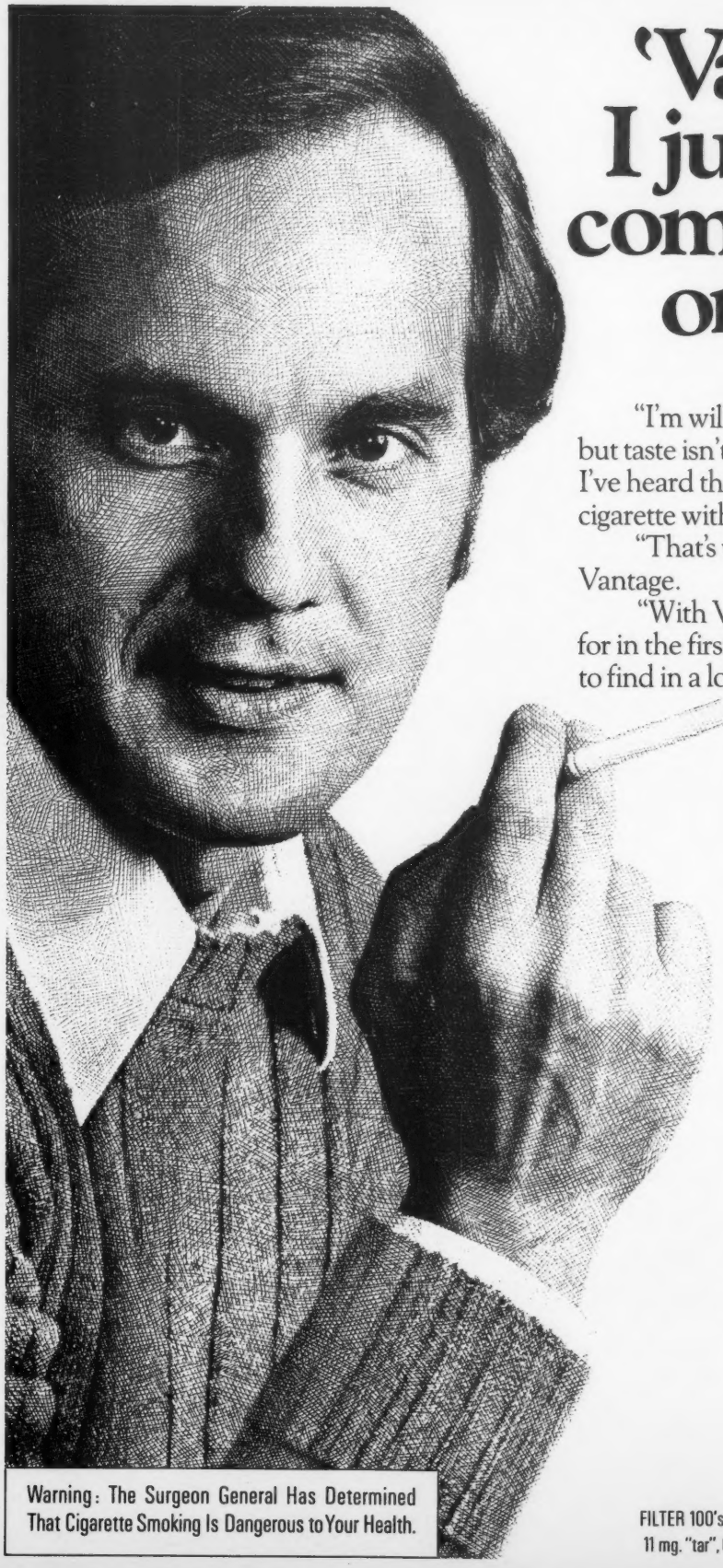

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NewTimes

The World According to Garth

With 67 wins and 16 defeats, David Garth is the heavyweight champion of American politics

by Robert Sam Anson

David Garth is on the phone, and he is not happy.

"You son of a bitch! Pull a lying, shit-heel trick like that on me, will you? You rotten scumbag! Did you hear that? Liar!"

There is no response, a happenstance that bothers the master of the art of gentle persuasion not in the slightest. He has a message to deliver, and delivering messages is what David Garth is all about. They are his business and his life. Only, sometimes, there are people who forget, like the television reporter he saw earlier this evening moderating a debate with one of his candidates. The reporter gave the opponent more time than Garth's man. Garth can prove it. He clocked it on a stopwatch, just before he monitored the bulldog edition of the *New York Times* to make sure none of *its* stories were unfair. The *Times*men passed; unfortunately for the TV reporter, he did not.

"Fuck with me, will you? Nobody fucks with me and gets away with it! Know what you get from me from now on? Shit."

Bang! Garth's fist pounds down on his desk, rattling the sea of papers in front of him. Above him, across the room from the wall full of Emmy citations and autographed pictures from clients, three Sony monitors play silently. On the other end of the phone line, there still is no reply.

"You gave me your word you wouldn't let this happen! Your word! See if I'll help you again, you lying bastard. You're finished! Did you hear that? Finished!"

With that, Garth slams the receiver into place and takes a fierce puff from the hand-rolled Brazilian cigar permanently set between his teeth. All in all, a good performance. A doubt has been placed in the reporter's mind. Next time, perhaps, he will go out of his way to be good to Garth's candidate. Another puff, and Garth allows himself a smirk. In that instant, he seems eerily like the unscrupulous media man Allen Garfield played in *The Candidate*, which is not surprising, since the role was modeled after Garth, and Garth himself was offered the part. There is hardly time to consider such matters, though. It is nearing midnight, and, as usual at campaign time, there are three hours of work left to be done. Still, Garth is pleased with himself. The message has been delivered. Even if it was to a telephone answering machine.

David Garth is like that: intense. His short, stout, well-muscled body always seems ready to explode. And when he opens his mouth, it does. "I'm gonna tell ya something," he'll say, pacing back and forth behind his desk. "This guy..." Boom! When the politician's name is mentioned, Garth's left hand thrusts out like a hook to the body. "He is the biggest..." Boom! Another hook to the body."Dumbest..." Boom! A right cross to the solar plexus."Son of a bitch..."Whap! A knockout."I ever met in my life. Can you fucking believe it?"

About David Garth, not many people can. He seems, from the stories that are told about him, to be a character ripped from the funnies, or maybe from the pages of Damon Runyon. But Garth is real, as dozens of his opponents have learned, to their chagrin. Dave Garth is a tough guy, the heavyweight champion of American politics, with 67 wins and 16 defeats. When he climbs into the ring, forget it. As a former friend puts it: "He'd kill you for three votes." Or, for that matter, a point on a tennis court. Because when Dave Garth plays, he goes for blood.

"He wages campaigns," says *New York Daily News* columnist Ken Auletta, "like other people wage war." Auletta should know. Four years ago, as campaign manager for New York gubernatorial candidate Howard Samuels, Auletta decided not to hire Garth and to go easy on television advertising. Garth promptly joined forces with an obscure Brooklyn congressman named Hugh Carey, saturated the state with his fact-filled trademark commercials, planted a story or two and demolished Samuels on Election Day. "I play to win," Garth shrugs. "I make no apologies for it. And to win, you give it your best shot, everything you got. You gotta be tough."

Garth's credo has been spectacularly successful. His box score is far and away the best of any media man in the business, a feat even more remarkable considering all but 12 of his candidates started off as decided underdogs. It was Garth who elected Adlai Stevenson III in Illinois, Garth who elected John Tunney, Garth who elected Dan Walker and Jack Gilligan and Tom Bradley and John Heinz III and dozens of other mayors, congressmen, senators and governors—and it may well be Garth who helps to elect the next President of the United States. Already he has had overtures from two of the candidates, one a prominent Republican challenger, the other a former governor of Georgia who has been having some political problems of late.

"He is the best, period," a midwestern senatorial campaign manager says of Garth. "The smartest, the toughest, the goddamn best. You may hate his guts—God knows I did when he was working for us—and he may drive you nuts, and there are times when you want to kill him, but he is the best. You cannot take that away from him." Carter pollster Pat Caddell, who has worked with and against Garth on several campaigns, adds: "David will go to the wall for you. He is a good man to have in a fight, someone I would like to have in any election. And someone I would do anything possible to avoid having against me."

Garth even looks like a fighter—a tad overweight, perhaps, and 20 years past his prime (he is 48). But, if he took off his ever-present blue blazer and rolled up the sleeves of his pin-striped shirt, as so many of the candidates have done in his commercials, you would not want to meet him in an alley. He also acts like a fighter, thinks like one, and expects his candidates to do the same. He claims he never asks a candidate to run, "because, if you have to convince them, you know they don't have the stomach for a fight." Similarly, he has commanded more than one of his candidates to get into fighting trim—by losing 20 to 30 pounds. "A campaign is a grueling

Photograph by Neil Selkirk

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Wall Power: Garth's box score is the best in the business

physical experience," he explains. "We don't want anyone making any mental errors or slips of the tongue at the tail end because they were tired or out of shape."

The rhetoric used by Garth and his aides reflects his obsession with combat. A campaign is "a 15-rounder." Negative media is "counterpunching." Coming from behind is "getting off the deck." Winning, naturally, is a "knockout." The imagery trails into the slogans Garth devises for many of his candidates: "Fighting for the People of Illinois"; "Strong Enough to Speak His Mind, Tough Enough to Get Results"; "Give Yourself a Fighting Chance"; "Tough Young Men for Tough Hard Jobs"; "You Need a Fighter in Your Corner."

Garth, of course, has been in a goodly number of scraps on his own, many of them on behalf of seemingly hopeless causes. He played a decisive role in engineering the reelection campaign of New York Mayor John Lindsay in 1969, with the artful and, until then, unheard-of strategem of having Lindsay admit his mistakes. The commercial did not come easy. During the taping, Garth reportedly had to get down on his knees to beg Lindsay to read the script as though he actually meant it. "Garth was crawling all over the steps of Gracie Mansion," recalls one political reporter. "Lindsay couldn't believe it." Garth used essentially the same approach eight years later in choreographing the reelection effort of New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne, who, if that be possible, was even more unpopular than Lindsay and was blessed with none of Lindsay's charisma. Once again, the Garth magic worked, resulting in a landslide victory that one local reporter termed "the most remarkable comeback since Lazarus rose from the dead."

By far the most improbable Garth victory was the election of Edward I. Koch as mayor of New York City. On the face of it, Koch seemed to have nothing going for him. His recognition factor in the polls stood at exactly six percent. He had little money, no organization to speak of and, aside from that of former Miss America Bess Myerson, no major endorsements. The opponents he faced were formidable—among them the incumbent mayor, Abe Beame, the Carey-backed secretary of state, Mario Cuomo, and Bella Abzug. Koch himself, if earnest and hardworking, had no political sex appeal whatsoever. A balding bachelor from Greenwich Village, Koch resembled no one so much, in appearance and speech, as Frank Perdue. And, as a final fillip, there were rumors that he was homosexual. Even Garth, who lives for impossible challenges, beseeched Koch not to run. "You're a forty-to-one shot, Ed," Garth told him bluntly. Said Koch: "So?"

The campaign that followed was a Garth classic. First, Koch was ordered to lose weight—20-plus pounds—and spruce up his sartorial image with the addition of a new wardrobe including, for some reason, a trenchcoat. As Koch got into shape, Garth laid strategy. Discarding his own polling data, Garth decided that the dominant theme of the campaign should be municipal waste, especially alleged rip-offs by the city unions. Koch, the liberal Democrat, would become Koch the Giant who would stand up to the unions. Garth's secondary issue was bizarre: restoration of the death penalty, an issue over which no mayor has any control. All the same, both themes would portray Koch as a figure of masculinity and strength. To solve Koch's "ident problem," a biographical spot was prepared, with special attention given to Koch's military service, another totem of strength. When the spots began running, well before any competitive commercials were on the air—in accordance with Garth's theory that Koch had to become known before he could be elected—Garth's competitors were scornful. "That's awful," laughed President Carter's media man, Jerry Rafshoon, who was handling Mario Cuomo's advertising at the time. "Can you believe it?"

He would later. For with the addition of Dave Garth, Ed Koch gained overnight credibility as a candidate. "I've been given the Garth Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval," Koch boasted. Money began flowing into Koch's coffers, some of it pried loose by Garth himself. Garth also finagled a Koch endorsement, along with overwhelmingly favorable news treatment, from *New York Post* publisher Rupert Murdoch. Toward the end of the campaign, when Cuomo none-too-subtly began implying that Koch was gay, Garth volleyed back with a Bess Myerson commercial attacking Cuomo. The last week before the election, Cuomo, who had not had benefit of Garth's conditioning program, broke entirely and began raving about Garth doing this and Garth doing that, as if Koch were not even running. "He's a puppet, don't you understand that?" Cuomo cried desperately in one of the final television debates. "Koch is a puppet. And the man pulling the strings is Dave Garth. It's Garth!" Garth only laughed. He could afford to. Cuomo was walloped. "He'll kick you, gouge you and beat you," Cuomo said when it was all over. "He's totally competitive." Cuomo, as it happens, is running for lieutenant governor this year. The man who is handling him is David L. Garth.

Cuomo is in select company. This year, more than 50 candidates—many of them recommended by politicians Garth has beaten—sought out the services of Garth Associates, Inc., and only a handful ended up being represented. Some were old friends and previous clients, like Carey (who is facing an uphill bid for reelection, thanks to his ineptitude as a politician and his opposition to the death penalty, two liabilities that Garth is seeking to turn to his advantage by portraying Carey as a terrible politician precisely because he is a great governor and, on the death penalty, "a man of conscience"); or friendly neighbors, like Governor Ella Grasso in Connecticut; or sentimental favorites, like the aged Jennings Randolph in West Virginia; or fighters for a good cause, like Richard Celeste in Ohio (where his opponent is the incumbent Republican Governor James Rhodes, whom Garth detests because of the Kent State killings); or simply "stand-up guys," like Richard Leone in New Jersey. The se-

Photograph by Janie Eisenberg

lection has as much to do with the feeling in Garth's gut as it has to do with ideology, though conservative Republicans need not apply. Nor is a fat bankbook or plausible electability decisive. Leone, for one, had neither, while his opponent in the Democratic senatorial primary, former basketball star Bill Bradley, who also sought out Garth, had both. Yet Garth went with Leone, all but certain he would lose. Which is precisely what he did. What Garth looks for, invariably, is the scrapper, the tough kid, smaller than the other guys but still willing to pick a fight. A person, in short, not unlike 5'8" David Garth, who still boasts of the time in a college basketball game when he poked a 6'2" opponent in the mouth, chipping several teeth.

When a campaign is on, the atmosphere in the Fifth Avenue offices of Garth Associates is one of controlled frenzy. Gaunt, pasty-faced aides bustle here, there and everywhere, a look of imminent breakdown dancing in their eyes. "The Battle Bastards of Bastogne," as Garth proudly calls them, are lean, hard and young, as they had better be, considering the commitment Garth demands. At election time, they, along with Garth, routinely work 15 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week. The pressure and tension are enormous, and some crack under the strain. More than one Garth staffer has been found huddled in the office, crying or giggling uncontrollably from nervous exhaustion. Yet, despite the killing pace, the low salary and their boss's frequent tantrums, their loyalty to Garth is fierce and unquestioning. "You have to understand," explains one of his aides, "it's like David is the general and we are the troops, and he is leading us into combat each and every day. Christ, it is like a siege. One of the women who used to work here used to go around saying, 'Fight fight, tough tough, kill kill.' I mean, even his dog is named Bismark."

As if on cue, the General himself strides through the door, cigar going, trailed by Bismark, who turns out to be an inoffensive Yorkshire terrier. Election Day is only weeks away, and Garth is in fighting trim. He has recently lost 40 pounds of flab, and, as is his habit every morning, he has just finished an hour-long run. Only the lower-than-usual volume of his "How are ya?" betrays that less than 12 hours before he was on an airliner from Venezuela, where he is handling the presidential campaign of Luis Herrera, candidate of the Christian Democratic Party (a circumstance that prompts journalist Jack Newfield, a former Garth friend turned bitter critic, to suggest a Garthian tag line: "After eight years of oligarchy, why not try four years of torture?").

Ensconced in his office, Garth lifts the phone and issues the first commands of the day. He disdains a secretary and makes most of his own calls, many of them on a special 31-button computer phone directly linked to candidates, a few governors, a mayor or two and the desks of key political reporters. The buttons appear well worn. "God, that situation in Venezuela," Garth moans. "We got a tough one down there. The guy we're running against, the president, he's outspending us fifteen to one. Fifteen to one! And the commercials he has got. He's running eighty a night. Eighty a night! It's a tough one down there all right," Garth repeats, as if reminding himself. "A helluva tough one." It is impossible to know whether to take him seriously. To hear Garth tell it, it is a wonder he has won any election. Every campaign, according to his staff, begins with the same injunction, whatever the polls say: "We're eleven points back, and if we are going to win it, we gotta fight like hell." Garth himself admits to perpetual pessimism. "On nights we win," he says, "I think of the nights we lost."

The telephone rings. A candidate is on the line, looking for guidance. Garth obliges, like the old coach, instructing his star rookie. "Hiya kid, how are ya?" he says in greeting, the cigar still clamped between his teeth. "Couple ideas, huh?" Garth's eyebrows lift in suspicion. "Okay, shoot." He winks. "Great idea. Brilliant. I like it. Don't say another word." He lifts a black felt-tip pen and furiously scribbles a note. "Oh, something else?" Garth appears mildly disheartened. "That's a terrible idea. Forget it. Don't do it." His instincts have been vindicated. Then, a morale booster. "You're batting one for two. Not bad." A few seconds pass, and Garth winks again. Time to sign off. "Okay, good talking to you. Now go out there, kid, and keep kicking ass."

"I play to win. I make no apologies for it. And to win, you have to give it your best shot, everything you got. You gotta be tough"

Keep kicking ass. The phrase sums up Garth's approach to politics. *Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. There is no substitute for victory.* They could all be tag lines for any of Garth's commercials. His are the politics of struggle, life or death, all or nothing, good guys versus bad guys, no holds barred. "Outside a campaign," says Jack Newfield, "Garth is the nicest guy you'd ever want to be with. Charming, funny, literate, bright, incredibly bright. But in a campaign, he's an animal. Brutal. He just has no sense of limits." It is a charge heard about Garth over and over again: how, in wanting to win so much, he does not know when to stop. Over the years, he has, according to his critics, attempted to intimidate reporters, browbeaten candidates, planted scurrilous stories and, on one occasion, threatened to use the law in retaliation against a political opponent. That was in 1974, during the New York gubernatorial primary. A political friend of Garth's, it seems, had had the temerity to endorse Garth's opponent, an event that propelled Garth into a volcanic rage. After the usual string of epithets, Garth threatened the friend, who was then running a popular Manhattan restaurant and bar, that once Carey was in office, he would have the State Liquor Authority lift his license. "There's one word you keep coming back to when you try to describe David," says one political observer, "and that is tough. David Garth is one tough son of a bitch."

Garth has had to be tough all his life. If he hadn't been, he would not have survived. As a child, he grew up in a politically active, upper-middle-class Jewish household on Long Island. ("The biggest arguments over our dinner table were always about Walter Lippmann's latest column. You either talked or perished.") He was afflicted with a severe mastoid infection and was kept bed-ridden and in near constant pain until he was eight years old—"It got so bad, I couldn't even cry after a while." He was just getting over the infection when he contracted rheumatic fever, which, if anything, was even more painful. Flat on his back for years, Garth's single diversion was the radio. One day he overheard the doctor telling his parents that he would never live past 15. "Oh, yes he will," they insisted. "Well, he will never walk if he does," the doctor rejoined. "Oh, yes he will," they shot back. "Well, if he does live and he does walk, he will never be active," the doctor said with mounting exasperation. By then the reply was inevitable: "Oh, yes he will."

He did, of course, but with excrutiating effort. To regain the strength in his legs, he sat on the edge of his bed, threw marbles on the floor and used his toes to pick them up, one at a time, a hundred times. When that exercise was completed, Garth threw pencils on the floor and repeated it. All the years of pain and effort left an indelible mark on Garth—one with a direct impact, not only on his personality, but on his campaigns as well. "When you go through something like that," he once explained to a reporter, "you try to live twice as much. If you survive something like that, you achieve a realization of what is

pain and what is trouble. You become terribly competitive. You are always testing your own existence.... You have the ability to push yourself when other people say they're tired," Garth continued. "A lot is the ability to take pain, the sheer wearing down of an opponent, with seven days, seven nights a week work. Our opponents go away for the Fourth of July weekend. This office was fully manned and looking for the next advantage."

After a high-school career spent mainly as a jock (baseball and basketball) and a year in college spent similarly (boxing, karate), Garth flew to Israel just as the war for independence was coming to an end. He spent a few dicey months living on a border kibbutz, waiting for the Arabs to come across at nightfall. "'I loved their passion, their intensity," Garth says of the kibbutzniks. "It wasn't because they were Jewish. They could have been Irish kids. They were living on the edge, every day. It was all on the line, you know. Life and death, the whole shot."

Back in the States, Garth finished college and then, after a tour with the Army Security Agency, enrolled in Columbia University's graduate program in psychology, set on becoming a clinical analyst. But three years of being shrunk three times a week cured him of that ambition. "It would have driven me nuts," he says. "It was too sedentary. There was no action." But the Columbia experience was not totally without profit. Garth remained fascinated with psychology and the mechanisms of human motivation, an interest he would later put to work in politics. Even now, he keeps up with the literature in the field. Jokingly, his staff calls him "Dr. Feelgood."

Garth put his powers of persuasion to professional use for the first time in the early fifties. The goal was simple: getting a job. The people who had it were the executives of a New York television station. Garth came to them with a proposal that they televise the local high-school football games, which he would produce. Impressed with his presentation, the station signed him to a contract, never bothering to inquire whether Garth had contacted the high schools—which he hadn't. With the contract in hand, though, the schools came easily, and Garth's career as a television producer, which soon expanded from sports into public affairs, was on its way.

Real political involvement did not come until the 1960 presidential election. A long-time admirer of Adlai Stevenson II, Garth, along with a few friends, decided to form a New York "Draft Stevenson" committee. He rented an office, mounted a petition drive, prevailed on Eleanor Roosevelt to co-chair the committee and, by convention time, had catapulted himself to the status of important political gadfly. There was only one problem: Jack Kennedy had all but wrapped up the nomination, and Stevenson had yet to declare.

Cochairman Garth came to Los Angeles in a feisty and determined mood. What was Kennedy up to? Intelligence agent Garth had a way of finding out. "We put a tap on the Kennedy phone lines into the amphitheater," he later told a reporter, "and then we put out a statement accusing the Kennedy people of putting a tap on the Stevenson phones." (After Watergate, Garth amended his story with the lame excuse that "the phone company crossed the wires.") Next, Garth set about orchestrating a carefully planned "spontaneous" demonstration. Since there were few Stevenson backers to be found among the regular delegates, Garth had to import them. This was accomplished, Garth later told a friend, by forging thousands of tickets to the convention. Thus it was that, when Stevenson was ushered into the hall on the arm of David Garth, the galleries fairly shook with thunderous chants of "We Want Stevenson." The emotion of the moment was overwhelming, and it came within an eyelash of snatching Kennedy's prize. All that was wrong with Garth's plan was Stevenson, who declined to run.

"He's a puppet, don't you understand that?" his opponent cried desperately. "And the man pulling the strings is David Garth. It's Garth!"

Garth's big breakthrough came in 1965, with the candidacy of John Lindsay. He had Lindsay campaigning (and filmed) through the streets of New York, coat over his shoulder, shirtsleeves rolled up, tie askew, the picture of youth and vigor in a city bored and disenchanted with the predictably plodding ways of "Bumbling Bob" Wagner. The image has since become a cliche, one that Garth himself would not think of using again. But it was Garth who invented the cliche, and, at the time, it was little short of revolutionary in the history of political advertising.

A lot has changed since then, and many of Garth's candidates, Lindsay among them, have been consigned to oblivion, either by history or by David Garth, or, in the case of Lindsay, by both. It was never the easiest of relationships. "David was very resentful of the fact that he was never socially accepted by the mayor," explains a former Lindsay aide. "Hell, none of us were. But with Garth, it made a difference. I guess he was worried that he was the bright Jewish kid who was hired only because he *was* bright. He always treated Lindsay like he was dumb. It got to the point where David believed that if he wasn't running John Lindsay twenty-four hours a day, Lindsay would make some incredible mistake." In the end, the two men had a characteristically bitter falling out. According to Garth, the flash point was reached when Lindsay signed a television contract with ABC, without informing Garth, who had negotiated a contract for him with CBS. Thereafter, stories (which Garth denies) began to circulate that Garth had ordered the elevator operator at the fashionable Hotel Des Artistes, where both men live, not to stop at Lindsay's floor when Garth was in the elevator. The final straw, predictably, was politics. In 1974, Lindsay endorsed a candidate Garth was campaigning against. Garth fired off a letter. How could Lindsay? he demanded. Didn't he remember? Garth had 'made him.'

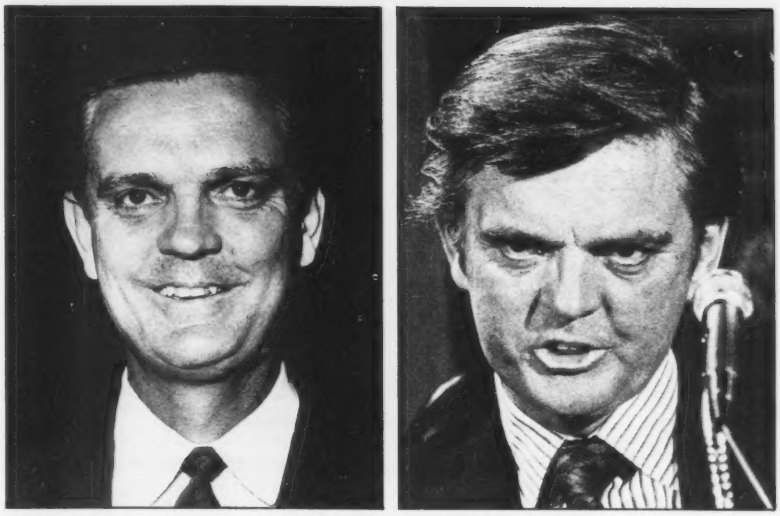
The candidates who seek out the services of David Garth always run that risk. Most of them, though, are more than willing to take it. For, in hiring Garth, they are taking on not so much an ad man (an appellation which Garth loathes) as a political presence, one whose smarts, contacts and experience usually dwarf their own. If a candidate wishes it—and, sometimes, even if he doesn't—Garth offers the complete smorgasbord of political services, not only the making and time-buying of commercials, but advance work, issues research, polling, speech-writing, fundraising, press relations, the management of the campaign itself. Remembers one of Stevenson's handlers: "He gave us more ideas in two hours than we could have used during the entire campaign." Garth's brain power does not come cheap. In addition to a hefty commission charge for placing each commercial, along with a "production fee" on every commercial made, Garth charges a $15,000-per-month "consultant" fee. And that is the bargain basement rate. Additional services, like polling and speech-writing, all come extra. For many pols, the greatest cost is to their egos. Garth does not suffers fools gladly, even when they are clients. ("Nobody ever accused me of kissing a client's ass," he boasts. "That's not what I am paid for.") And, to avoid that eventuality, Garth prefers to run a campaign entirely, especially those which are close to home. This year, for instance, Carey is the only one of Garth's clients to opt for the complete "treatment;" he literally cannot spend a dollar without the sayso of Garth's deputy, a 24-year-old Har-

vard graduate named Philip Friedman, who, in the last Carey campaign, was an unpaid volunteer clipping newspapers. If given the chance, Garth will tell a candidate how much he should spend and where he should spend it (a rule of thumb at Garth Associates is that at least two out of every three dollars raised should go into media), what he should say and not say, who his friends should be and who they cannot be, in short, everything, right down to the kind of socks he should wear (over-the-calf black).

And woe be the candidate who does not listen. Richard Ottinger, a New York senatorial candidate whom Garth handled in an expensive and losing campaign in 1970, was regularly dressed down by Garth in public for failing to "shape up." "There were some real Virginia Woolf scenes in that campaign," says Richard Reeves, who covered it for the *New York Times*. "David was yelling at Ottinger at the top of his lungs. You thought his head was going to burst." More frequently, Garth simply threatens to quit. "He was always threatening to quit," recalls one of Lindsay's former aides. "It can be anything. If he finds out about a tiny meeting he wasn't invited to, he goes through the roof. Christ, when Lindsay's daughter didn't invite him to her wedding, I thought he was going to have a stroke." Adlai Stevenson's handlers were luckier. With them, Garth only threatened to quit twice, once because the campaign switched a picture on a poster without his personal approval. Seven years later, with Koch, it was up to three times.

Occasionally, the strategy of total envelopment can backfire. Some observers attribute Ottinger's defeat to the image Garth created for him. In his television commercials, Ottinger came off as forthright, direct and decisive. In a word, tough. In person, he was anything but. "If Ottinger had been the fella he was in the commercials, he probably would have won," says one political journalist. "But Garth couldn't keep him in a closet, and once he got out and people found out who he really was, the shock was too great." It was a shock for Garth as well: one of the few times any of his candidates had been defeated by fewer media dollars. The Ottinger dollars themselves provided some consolation. Not long after the campaign, Mrs. John Lindsay bumped into Garth's wife, who was wearing a brand new, luxurious fur coat. What kind of fur was that? Mary Lindsay inquired. Garth smiled: "It's an Ottinger."

Dan Walker ran into troubles of a different sort. Walker had been the quintessence of the slicked-down, limousine-riding business executive, until he hired David Garth to elect him governor of Illinois in 1972. Under Garth's tutelage, Walker was transformed overnight into what one Illinois politician calls "the leading exponent of the dry look." The hair grew longer; the suits came off, and in their place sprouted blue jeans and flannel shirts and a red bandana, the perfect togs for a hike the length and breadth of Illinois. "Never has there been a change so great since Christine Jorgensen," comments a Walker associate. Sadly for Walker, the Garth-created image did not live up to reality, and, after four turbulent years in the Statehouse, he gained the ignominious distinction of being the first Illinois governor in this century to lose his own party's primary.



Voilà: Illinois Governor Dan Walker, Before and After Garth

Win or lose, at the center of Garth's technique are his commercials. The look of a Garth spot is unmistakable: 30 or 60 seconds of video tape ("Film," explains one of his producers, "is more dramatic, but not sufficiently immediate. We're after reality"); a candidate standing against some suitable backdrop, talking directly to the camera, or, alternately, a series of people describing how a candidate helped them; a touch of voice-over; fact after fact supered in the lower third of the screen; and, at the close, a complicated tag line (e.g., "This year, before they tell you what they're going to do, make them show you what they've done"). No music, no flash, no bouncing babies or walks on the beach, just simple, direct and, as Garth would have you believe, honest.

As pieces of art, Garth's commercials are not impressive. They are, in fact, deliberately pedestrian, with none of the ersatz *cinema verité* camera work that is the hallmark of a Charlie Guggenheim or John Deardourff, two of Garth's leading competitors. "People aren't stupid," explains Jeff Greenfield, a former Garth associate who wrote scores of Garth's spots. "They know what is going on, so what is the use of trying to fool them? All we're saying is, 'Look, I'm a guy who's running for office and this is a commercial. You know it and I know it. So what the hell. I just want to tell you some of the things I have done, and why you should vote for me.'" The telling of the things a candidate has done—Garth stays away from revealing what his candidate *will* do—is always as explicit as possible. A Garth candidate will never be heard saying, "I helped stop crime," or "I cut taxes," or "I put people back to work." He will, instead, say just how many more policemen he hired or exactly how much he cut taxes. And while he enumerates all the wonderful things he has done, print at the bottom of the screen will amplify and expand. If he helped to pass a bill, that bill, with its number and date, will be listed; if he brought more industry, the names of the plants and their locations will be noted.

It all seems stupefyingly busy. The data keeps flashing, the voice keeps talking, the picture keeps moving. On first viewing, or even after several, no one can possibly take in everything that is going on. Nor are they supposed to. "You see the usual commercial once," says Garth, "and you got all it has to tell you. By the third or fourth time you've seen it, it doesn't move you to do anything except turn it the hell off. Our commercials are designed for the long haul. We know that people are going to be seeing them ten or twelve times during a campaign, and we want to keep them interested. We want to leave them with a little bit more of the message every time they see it, so, by the end of the campaign, they will have taken in a lot of facts backing up one impression."

There are occasional hitches. Garth's spots are all so similar in design, sometimes even Garth can get confused. Such was the case in 1970, during the Adlai Stevenson III campaign. The opening commercial of the campaign

Photographs: Wide World, UPI

Lazarus Lives: Garth worked miracles reelecting Brendan Byrne

was to show Stevenson arriving at a rally in a station wagon. Bands would be playing, placards would be waving, balloons would rise in the air. On came the television, and, just as advertised, there were the balloons, the placards, the blaring bands, the candidate arriving in the station wagon. It was beautiful. Except that the candidate was John Tunney, for whom Garth had shot an identical spot.

Such lapses are rare, however. Ordinarily, Garth takes meticulous care to ensure that his message is delivered just as he created it, with the impact he intended. He commissions a "fact book" for every spot, detailing the source and data for every claim in a commercial, lest the opposition accuse him of deceptive advertising and make it a campaign issue. Meanwhile, he monitors the opposition media, ready to pounce on their miscues, as recently happened in one of the ads produced for Perry Duryea, the Republican candidate for governor of New York. Duryea claimed that, under Carey's administration, the Bulova Watch Company had closed one of its plants. Garth's people found out that the company hadn't, and, after a Garth-fomented public ruckus, Duryea was forced to withdraw the ad at some time and expense. After the accuracy of his own ads has been established, Garth often gauges their effectiveness with special test groups. Once the ads are on the air, he polls to see how they are doing. If an ad is doing well in one area and not in another, a different, oftentimes specially commissioned ad will be substituted in its place.

While he does not edit the commercials, Garth personally accompanies his candidates on every shooting. On location, he is demanding to the point of being tyrannical. If the candidate's tie is the wrong color or pattern, Garth orders him to change it. If he swallows his words, Garth barks at him to speak up. If he muffs a take, Garth has him do it again and again, for however long it requires to meet Garth's standards. During the shooting of a spot in the Walker campaign, Garth had his candidate standing in teeth-chattering snow drifts for two hours, until Walker not only got his lines right and delivered them with the requisite conviction, but psyched himself not to look cold before the camera. "When other people talk about feeling pain," Garth says, "I laugh."

Usually, the agony is worth it. Ask Tom Bradley. Bradley, a black former police lieutenant and city councilman, had run for mayor of Los Angeles in 1969 and had been soundly trounced by the incumbent, Sam Yorty, in an appallingly dirty, racist campaign. When Bradley announced his candidacy again in 1973, there was grave doubt whether he would fare much better. Many Angelenos came from rural or southern backgrounds, and the city itself had a black population of 17 percent. To Garth, though, the problem was not racism, but perception. Previous polls revealed that many voters had not even been aware of Bradley's race until primary night. "Then," says Garth, "they got their first glimpse of him on the tube. And what they saw was a 6'4" black man surrounded on stage by a lot of people with their fists in the air. It scared the hell out of them." That was the perception Garth had to change.

First, though, any candidate has to be put through the withering grilling. He is quizzed about his personal life and whether there are potentially embarrassing incidents that might surface during the course of the campaign. What is his financial situation? Garth wants to know. How much money does he have personally? In his campaign? Does he have any friends who are tied to what might be considered controversial causes? If he does, would he be willing to keep them out of the campaign—and his life—during the race? What does he think about this issue, and what does he think about that? What does he judge to be his major liabilities? Garth is especially intent on getting the answer to that question. "When a guy tells me there are five great things about him," he says, relighting his cigar, "I tell him I don't want to hear about the positives. The positives get you elected. I want to hear about the negatives. Those are the things that beat you."

When Bradley's examination was over, he was awed. "They knew more of what was going on in the city than some of our research people," he said later. It was no accident. Long before Bradley was interviewed, Garth's staff had compiled a background dossier on Bradley, his primary opponents, Yorty and Los Angeles itself. Afterwards, Garth took the materials, along with polling data and tidbits gleaned from numerous telephone calls to friendly reporters and politicians on the coast, and sat down to devise the campaign's theme. The selection of the proper theme was crucial; not only would it be reflected in Bradley's commercials but, following Garth's traditional principle of continually reemphasizing the message, in his billboards, bumperstickers, flyers, press releases and public utterances. As usual, Garth narrowed the list of possible choices to a bare minimum. "That's his big secret," explains a friend. "He finds a theme, defines it, then pounds it in over and over again. It's like walking into Bloomingdale's to buy a shirt. You see one you like, and then you look around and see ten others that are just as nice, so you end up not being able to decide which one you want. David never has that problem. He only sells you one shirt."

Bradley was a special case. His major liability was obvious: his race. Typically, Garth decided to meet it head on and, if not able to turn it to his advantage, as was his ordinary tactic, at least defuse it. Thus it was that the opening lines of one of Bradley's first commercials began: "The last time I ran for mayor, I lost. Probably because a lot of people weren't sure what I stood for. Maybe you were one of them. Maybe you wondered whether I'd treat all people fairly, or whether I'd only listen to the problems of blacks. Frankly, I couldn't win this election with only one block of voters. . . ." The race issue was further blunted in the tag line of Bradley's commercials: "He'll work as hard for his pay check as you do for yours." Not only did the tag line present Bradley as a hard-working member of the middle class, but, in the same breath, it took a shot at Yorty, who was notorious for his frequent absences from city hall.

Garth commenced his advertising early. The purpose of the exposure, which was reinforced by a heavy personal-appearance schedule, was, according to one of Garth's former aides, "to get people used to Tom, let them see him, help them to know they didn't have anything to be afraid of." The commercials were decisive, ever portraying Bradley as, in Garth's words, "a moderate who happens to be black." Bradley's police

past was played up heavily, and in one spot he plumped for law and order in front of the precinct station where he had once worked. In another spot, taped at UCLA, where Bradley had gone to school and been a track star, the candidate walked through the track stadium and talked, in essence, of the American Dream. A Garth staffer wept the first time he saw it. By Election Day, Bradley's victory was assured. "People were comfortable with him," says Garth. "They weren't afraid of him. How could they be? Here was a soft-spoken man who had been in their living room a dozen times." That night, when television declared Bradley the victor, Bradley, ordinarily the most reserved of personages, leaped up, grabbed Garth around the waist in a crushing bear hug and hoisted him into the air with a mighty shout. "That campaign," says Garth, his soft brown eyes glistening, "was a blow for the fucking cause."

He catches himself at the remark and swivels uncomfortably in his chair. The cigar, which has been lying dormant throughout Garth's narrative of the Bradley race, is quickly clamped back into place. It is as if he has let his guard down for an instant and made himself vulnerable to a whistling emotional uppercut. Later, he will call his visitor and say, almost apologetically, "Gee, I guess I was a little subdued when you saw me. Must have been tired. Why don't you come back, and I'll put on my act for you." And therein lies the chink in the Garthian armor: It is an act. Beneath the litanies of *fuck you*'s and the choruses of retribution, beyond the bullshit and the posturing, inside the snarling threats and shouted curses, the tough guy is a softy, a goddamn bleeding heart, as Garth would no doubt put it. Few grown men talk with as much emotion about their parents as Garth does about his. And even fewer take two days off in the most crucial season of their life to fly to see a dying friend, as Garth did when Tom Finney, his political mentor, lay dying in Washington. Nor would many men forego the hundreds of thousands in clients' fees Garth has passed by for the sake of principle. He is, in his profane way, a guardian of the traditional virtues—truth, courage, honor, patriotism, loyalty to comrades—and if he defends them savagely, it is only because he believes in them so deeply.

The Candidate outraged him because the media man Allen Garfield portrayed came off as cynical and unfeeling, and Garth, as even his worst critics concede, is nothing if not feeling. Not, of course, that Garth would want you to know it. He conceals the softer side of his personality well. A few minutes after his comments about Bradley, he was thrusting a copy of the *Los Angeles Times* across the desk. The paper had a major story about Garth splashed across the front page, complete with picture. The photo showed him with his mouth a-snarl, cigar thrust out, face hideously contorted. "Whaddaya think of that picture?" Garth demanded. "I hate it," his visitor told him. "You look awful." "Really?" Garth said in seeming surprise. "I think it's me."

Perhaps both versions are true. With Garth, it is hard to tell. Like trying to unravel one of his commercials, it is difficult to decide about Garth just what is reality and what is merely the appearance of reality. His anger is especially difficult to sort out. Garth claims it is all purposeful and contrived, and, if that is true, he should be up for an Academy Award. Whatever its source, it is usually

His are the politics of struggle, of life and death, all or nothing, good guys versus bad guys, no holds barred

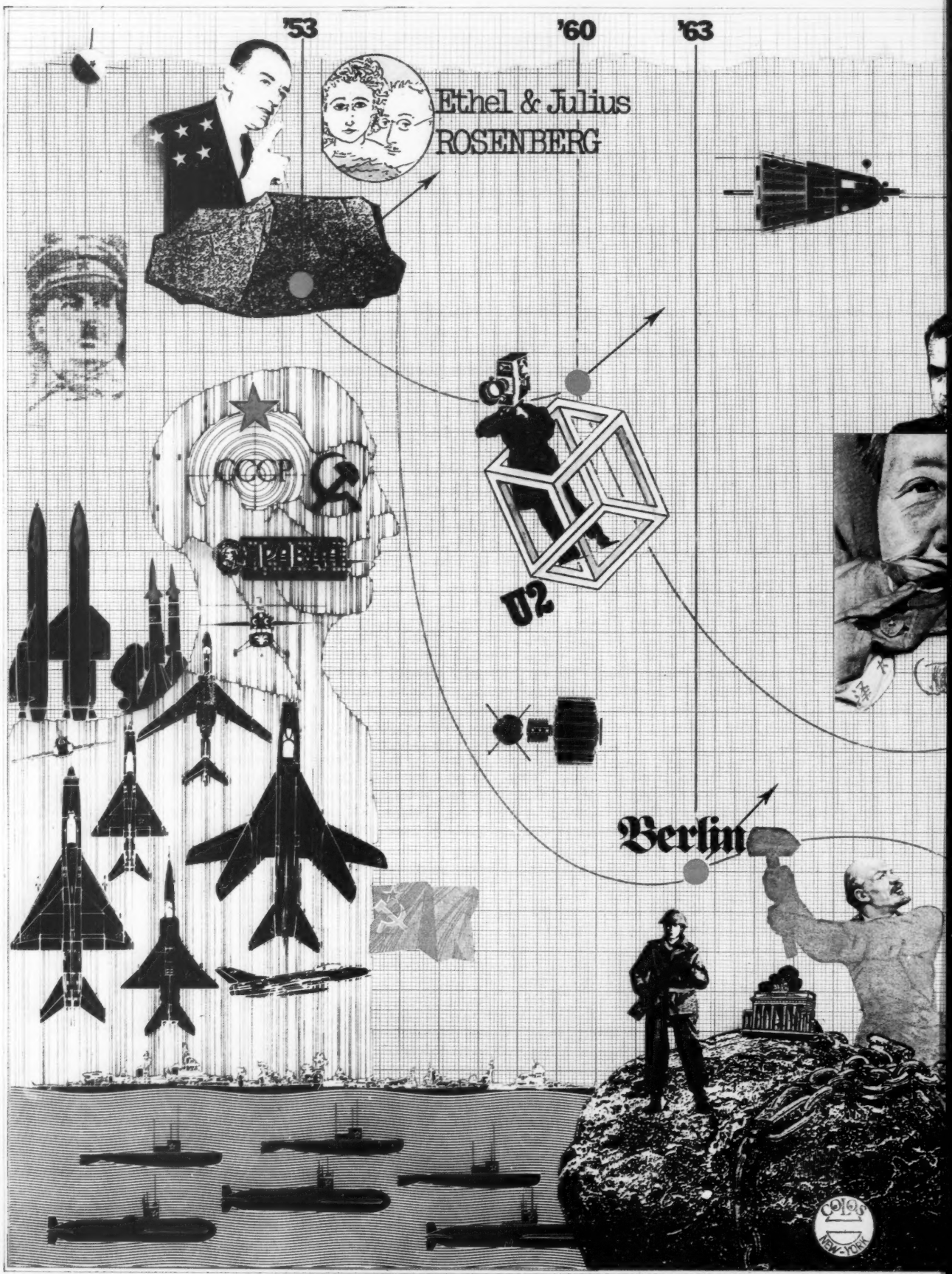
short-lived. Shortly after delivering his tongue-lashing to the television reporter's telephone answering machine, for example, Garth sheepishly apologized to the reporter. Similarly, the friend who was threatened with the loss of his liquor license not only did not lose his license, but gained a customer, when, on Election Night, Garth burst through the door, spotted his friend and, with an exuberant yelp, clasped him in a crushing hug. "What can you say about David Garth?" a long-time political associate muses. "Paranoid? Schizy? Manic-depressive? Nuts? Or just goddamn good."

The one thing Garth-watchers agree on is his obsession with power. It is heady stuff, having computerized links with the best and brightest of the land; headier still to be able to spurn a possible President of the United States, notably Jerry Brown, with the comment that he's "flaky"; and headiest of all to shuttle between continents electing presidents in far-off foreign lands. And the suspicion in some quarters is that some of it has gone to Garth's head. Already, Garth's recommendation has placed a number of senior officials in both the Koch and Carey administrations, and during New York City's struggle to secure federal loan guarantees, Garth helped both in planning the political strategy and setting the fiscal priorities. He is, in addition, a prime off-the-record source for political reporters across the country ("You can call him at two o'clock in the morning to ask him a question," says one prominent political reporter, "and he'll not only give you a straight answer, but talk to you the next hour and a half about politics"), a number of whom drop in to use his research files. Candidates—as well as elected officials—are forever calling him for his advice on this problem or that appointment. A few years ago, Jacques Chirac, the would-be President of France, summoned Garth to Paris to take over his campaign. Garth declined, but the invitation had left an impression nonetheless. As Garth himself puts it: "The perception of power is power."

David Garth has both: the image and the reality. With his track record, his influence, the brute force of his personality and genius, he has, virtually single-handedly, filled the gap left by the collapse of the old political machines and traditional party loyalties. With only slight exaggeration, it can be said that this peculiar little man is one of the most powerful politicians in the country.

The idea of a media man, especially one like David Garth, wielding such clout, gives some people chills. "There are two kinds of guys in politics," observes a political campaign manager whom Garth iced, "those who just want power, and those who want power to do something with it. David just wants power. He wants to be in charge." Naturally, Garth denies any such ambitions, pointing to the framed quotation from Machiavelli that hangs on his wall: "Whoever causes another to become powerful is ruined because he creates such power either with skill or with force; both of these factors are viewed with suspicion by the one who has become powerful." Garth's protestations seem convincing—at least until he punches up the computerized phone.

The time has been passing quickly, and the phone messages have been stacking up like airplanes over LaGuardia. Outside Garth's door, a small queue of aides anxiously awaits its marching orders. Time to cut the crap. It is three o'clock. With Election Day looming, that means there are 12 good working hours left in the day. "Tough," says Garth, rising, sucking in his stomach—the fighter, ready to go into the ring. "Yeah, I'm tough. Ya gotta be tough. I'm gonna tell ya something," he says, aiming his cigar. "Back in the fifties, I watched the McCarthy hearings on TV, and they really upset me. I kept seeing the good guys having their asses handed to them. They always seemed to be outmanned and outfought. And ya know who finally saved them? It wasn't the goddamn establishment. Oh, no. It was a guy named Joe Welch and two NBC cameramen who took a tight shot of that bastard's face every time he twitched or scowled." He pauses and looks up at the ceiling. "There was a message there." ●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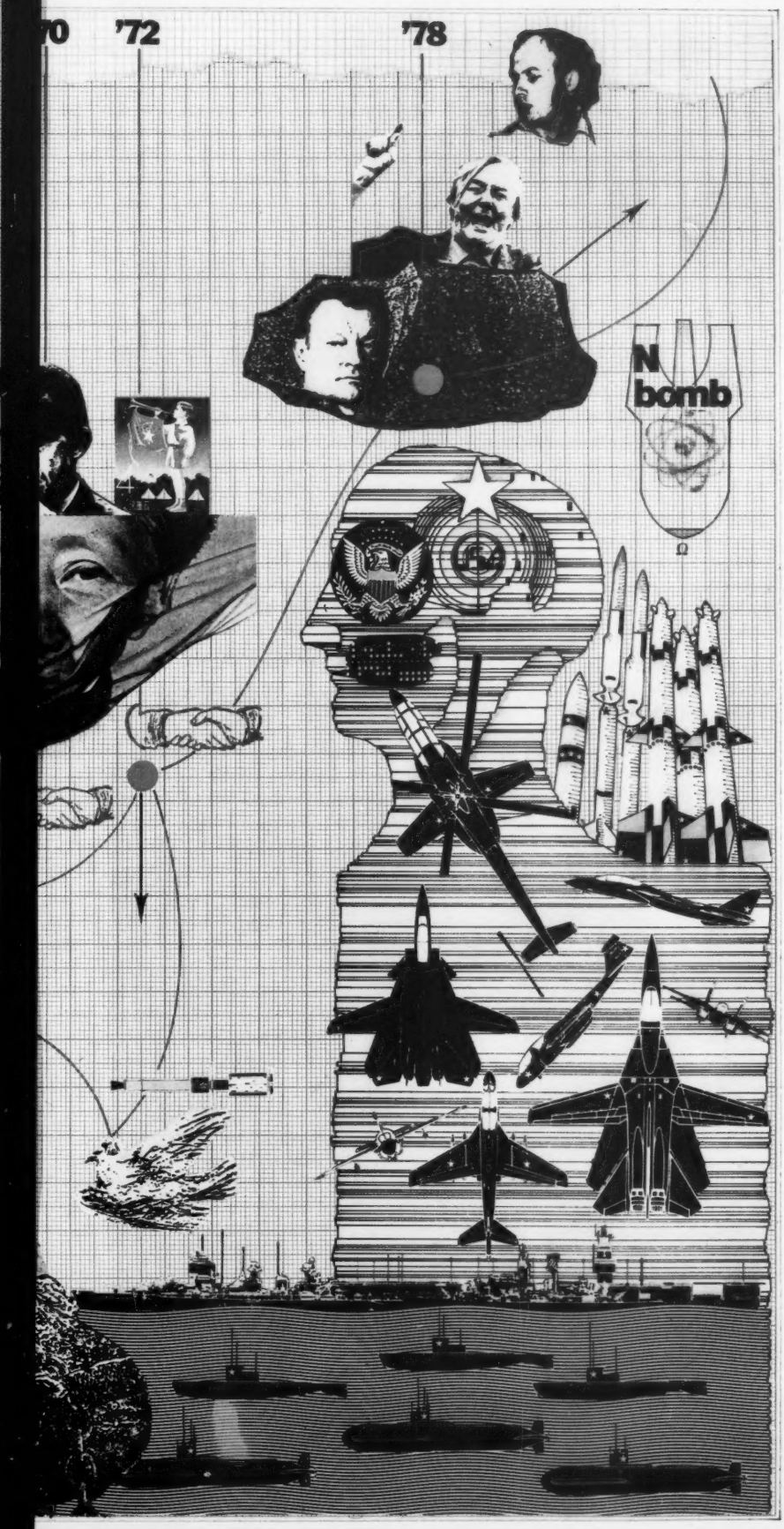

Illustration by Francois Colos

COLD WAR II

by Andrew Kopkind

The gravest threat to U.S.-Soviet relations isn't Russian malfeasance, but rather a small group of unreconstructed hawks determined to derail detente

Washington in the week before Labor Day looked like a city that had just suffered a neutron bomb attack. The solid stone buildings stood unmarked under a heavy haze, yet not a soul moved in the streets. Jimmy Carter and his crew were rafting in Idaho. Congress was junketing around the world, bureaucrats were at the beach and tourists were back home in the hinterland preparing for school or work. In the Everett McKinley Dirksen Senate Office Building, a few holdouts huddled in air-conditioned isolation, like survivors awaiting doom in a disaster movie. One of them, a determinedly anonymous foreign affairs advisor to a midwestern senator, welcomed me into his chambers with cold coffee and whispered words.

"Don't be deceived by the peace and quiet around here," he warned, clanking his cup on its saucer. "The war has started."

The war on his mind—and the one that worries much of official Washington—is not the shooting kind. No one scans the skies for missiles from the east. Rather, there is a growing fear that America is now entering another Cold War, a replay of that epochal conflict that gripped the globe for two dangerous decades between the end of the World War alliance and the beginning of detente—between the Truman freeze and the Nixon thaw.

Cold War fever already had infected the capital before the late summer evacuation and the brief spell of Camp David, and it seems sure to recur in the weeks ahead. "It's been like an epidemic," the senator's aide continued. "It spreads from office to office. The sena-

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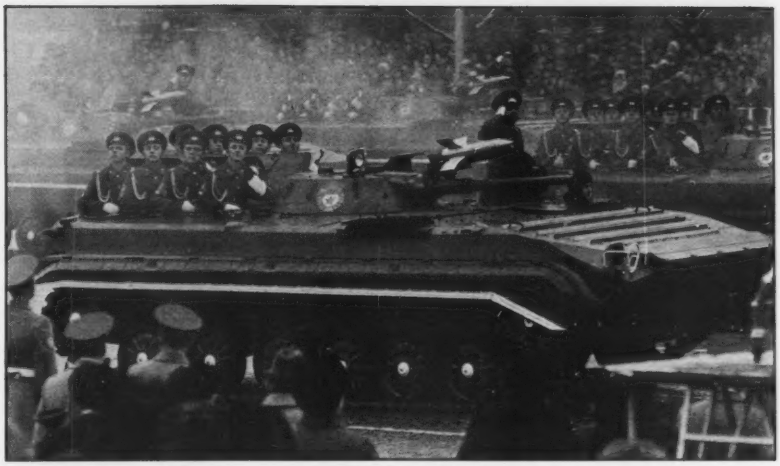
tor and I were away for ten days in July, during the trials of the dissidents in Russia. When we got back, there were stacks of letters waiting from other senators: 'Dear Colleague: Join with me in denouncing this, deploring that, condemning, criticizing, viewing with alarm; boycott the ballet, cancel the Olympics, cut off the computers, build the B-1 bomber.' And these were not from the hawks, as you'd expect, but from the sweetest liberal doves that ever flew into this town."

The Cold War, Part II, has not yet erupted in full fury, but these initial skirmishes are startling enough after several years of steadily improving relations between the Communist and capitalist superpowers. Most of the action is still far removed from everyday American life. Fear of foreign invasion or internal subversion does not grip neighborhoods, campuses and countryside as it did during the fifties. The scenes of battle then were congressional investigations, demagogic demonstrations, spy trials and lurid confrontations across the iron curtain. Now the war games are played to a more selective audience in the upper reaches of government, think tanks and publishing companies.

And although the new Cold War may not finally subvert the structure of detente, so advantageous now to both the United States and the Soviet Union, neither will it soon abate. There are deep divisions among the brokers of power in America—the result of a disastrous war, an unstable economy and a fractious society. The threat of Soviet domination is being used as a weapon in their power struggle, and it is a weapon that already is making its mark:

●The new Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty with Russia (SALT II), which President Carter a year ago said was ready for the final dotting of *i*'s and crossing of *t*'s, is still shuttling from continent to continent in a diplomatic limbo between negotiation and publication. Senate leaders have told Carter to hold back SALT from consideration until after the November elections; even then, the treaty may fail to win ratification. "It all depends on Carter's popularity and his image as a statesman at that time," a Senate Foreign Relations Committee aide says.

●Under pressure from the national security caucus within his own administration—foreign policy adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, Pentagon chief Harold Brown, and key Brzezinski aide Samuel Huntington—Carter took personal charge this summer of all sales of high technology equipment to Russia. First off, he blocked the sale of a Sperry Rand Univac computer to Tass, the Soviet news agency. Next, Carter held up the sale of oil-drilling machinery for arctic exploration. Later, he approved the deal, only to reconsider it when the security crew raised a fuss. Meanwhile, the Russians are easily procuring similar equipment from other Western countries.



Pumping Iron in Red Square: An understandable desire for power parity

●The momentum for reductions in U.S. military spending—a major vector in the political dynamic of the last decade—has been dramatically reversed. No one talks much anymore of "reordering priorities" from guns to butter. Despite Carter's well-publicized opposition to a few expensive exotic weapons (a nuclear aircraft carrier, the B-1 bomber, deployment of the neutron bomb), he is proposing sizeable increases in the defense budget. During his presidential campaign, Carter repeatedly promised Pentagon reductions of $7 or $8 billion; since he took office, he has projected increases of $9 or $10 billion every year.

●In early August, 148 members of Congress announced formation of the Coalition for Peace Through Strength. Its goal: military superiority over the Soviet Union. Organizer of the bipartisan group—which includes a number of admirals, generals, former presidential advisers and chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—is John M. Fisher, president of the American Security Council, one of several private research institutions and think tanks that comprise the Washington base of the New Right. In the year since the new conservative sensibility began surfacing in grass roots America (see *New Times*, September 30, 1977), it has been drawn increasingly to Cold War issues; the "Soviet threat" is now right up there with feminism, abortion, gay rights and the 55-m.p.h. speed limit.

●Meanwhile, renegade members of the Old Left vie for center stage of Cold War politics. An embryonic "Moynihan for President" campaign is hatching in the American Enterprise Institute, a neoconservative (that is, ex-liberal) think tank in Washington. The raison d'être of the boomlet is the reassertion of American dominance in world affairs; its tone resembles the speeches Daniel P. Moynihan used to make when he was Nixon's ambassador to the United Nations.

●The Camp David conference—both in theory and result—represents a 180-degree reversal from the detente approach to the Middle East that President Carter and Russian premier Leonid Brezhnev agreed to promote in their joint statement of October 1, 1977. In 11 months, U.S. policy turned about from the attempt to include the U.S.S.R. in a Middle East settlement to a plan that specifically isolates Russia and its allies in the region. So heady was the "spirit of Camp David" in Washington last month that it was hard to hear a discouraging word—on the record anyway—about the outcome. But at least one skeptical congressman believes that the summit agreements will turn out to be a "nail in the coffin of detente" and make Russian–American cooperation in other regional conflicts "difficult if not impossible" for the foreseeable future.

"I have trouble with the proposition that the old Cold War ever stopped," says Harvard Sovietologist Richard Pipes. Pipes is the academic Cold Warrior par excellence, a thoroughgoing opponent of detente who sees Russia "continuing its subversion in Western Europe and its support for wars of national liberation in Africa and elsewhere," and believes that only the hardest of lines can stop the Soviet drive for world domination.

"It's true that Nixon and Kissinger declared the Cold War over," Pipes continues. "Then they borrowed the word 'detente' from de Gaulle and used it for domestic political purposes, for a PR campaign. But this 'detente'—the word rushes out with snarling intensity—"lasted only two years or so. We're heading now for very difficult times, I think."

Photograph: Liaison

"At the top, there aren't any more than ten men running the Cold War issue": (top row, left to right) Samuel Huntington, Richard Perle, Paul Nitze, Henry Jackson, Eugene Rostow; (bottom row, left to right) Richard Pipes, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Ben Wattenberg, George Will, Daniel Patrick Moynihan

If the declaration of detente (in Pipes's perspective) was a high-powered hype perpetrated in the aeries of Washington, the resumption of the Cold War seems at least as much a gambit of media politics.

"At the top, there aren't any more than ten men running this Cold War issue," a California congressman guesses. He ticks them off: Brzezinski, Senators Moynihan and Henry Jackson, former presidential aide Paul Nitze, Pipes, conservative Democratic strategist Ben Wattenberg, columnist George Will, Jackson assistant Richard Perle and Sam Huntington (who, this summer, left the National Security Council and returned to his Harvard teaching post). He may have missed one or two, such as Energy Secretary Schlesinger, *Commentary* magazine editor Norman Podhoretz, Georgia Sen. Sam Nunn or former Treasury Secretary John Connally. But it is true that these few politicians, writers, professors and freelance diplomats have been able to engineer a major reversal of American foreign policy in an uncommonly short amount of time.

The assumption underlying their campaign is that the United States and the U.S.S.R. are locked in implacable conflict, and that every incident in international relations can and must be related to that titanic struggle.

Paul Nitze, adviser to presidents since 1941 and a leader of the new Cold War coalition, puts it this way: "The opposition of the Soviet Union has been undiminished and unchanged over the years. Of course, there have been ups and downs and changes in circumstances. Personalities have changed—Khrushchev was different from Stalin. But the fundamentals haven't changed."

What is new, Nitze says, is that the "power relationships have certainly changed—and not to the advantage of the United States."

The consolidation of Soviet power—military and political—in the last decade makes détente unthinkable for Nitze, Pipes and their Cold War comrades. Specific scenarios for disaster are easy for them to imagine. Russian tanks breaking through the Fulda Gap on the Central European front and pouring into West Germany; Soviet submarines poking through the icy waters north of Norway and bringing Oslo to its knees; Russian blockades of the sea lanes around Africa or in the Caribbean; a preemptive strike of Russian ICBMs against American Minuteman missiles trapped in their unmoveable silos.

In these scenarios, the map of the world becomes a game board of geopolitical influence: The crimson stain oozes out from the Eurasian heartland to darken Afghanistan, Libya, Ethiopia, Cuba. Next week, will it be Namibia, Jamaica, Quebec? Every coup, rebellion or coalition spells real and present danger. Thus, the electoral strength of leftist parties in Italy and France, the cautious friendship between Jamaica and Cuba or the shipment of Russian arms to Namibian guerrillas becomes a move in the global game in which there can be only one winner—and one loser.

And how is the game going? "It's impossible to predict Soviet behavior in the short term," Nitze told me recently, but he agrees with Pipes that the next few months will be a critical period. "The Russians can't have been pleased with Camp David, but what they'll do, I don't know."

The next major moment in the confrontation of the superpowers will be the disposition of the SALT II treaty. "If it is abandoned, or if it is not ratified, that will have enormous significance," Pipes says. And all of Washington agrees that the end of SALT would signal the descent into a full winter of Cold War.

Peace had flowered in a short spring. The sunniest season was 1972, when Richard Nixon flew to Moscow and arranged a package of pacts and promises—to limit strategic arms (SALT I) and antiballistic missiles, promote trade, exchange cultural troupes, establish ties between Germany and Eastern European Communist countries, and begin work on a European security treaty and a mutual reduction of forces.

The early fallout from detente was intoxicating. Moscow joined the Pepsi generation—courtesy of Nixon's former soft-drink clients. Soviet officials began issuing emigration visas to Jews and other discontented minorities. The CIA and its propaganda fronts toned down their radio broadcasts, and the Russians stopped jamming programs. When international tensions flared, the superpowers were eager to use the precedents of detente to quench the fires: During the October 1973 Middle East war, the Soviet Union kept its distance from the fray, and Nixon himself bowed to the

"Don't ask *me* who started it, ask the fellows in the Kremlin"

Photos L. to R. from top: UPI, James K.W. Atherton/The Washington Post, Dennis Brack/Black Star, J.P. Laffont/Sygma, UPI, Bradford Herzog, Wide World (4).

principles of peaceful coexistence by pressuring Israel to abort its retaliatory drives into Arab heartlands.

The spirit of detente allowed Nixon to extricate his armies from Indochina without pressure from Russia. In return, the United States dealt with Soviet imperial problems with benign neglect—in Poland and Czechoslovakia, for instance.

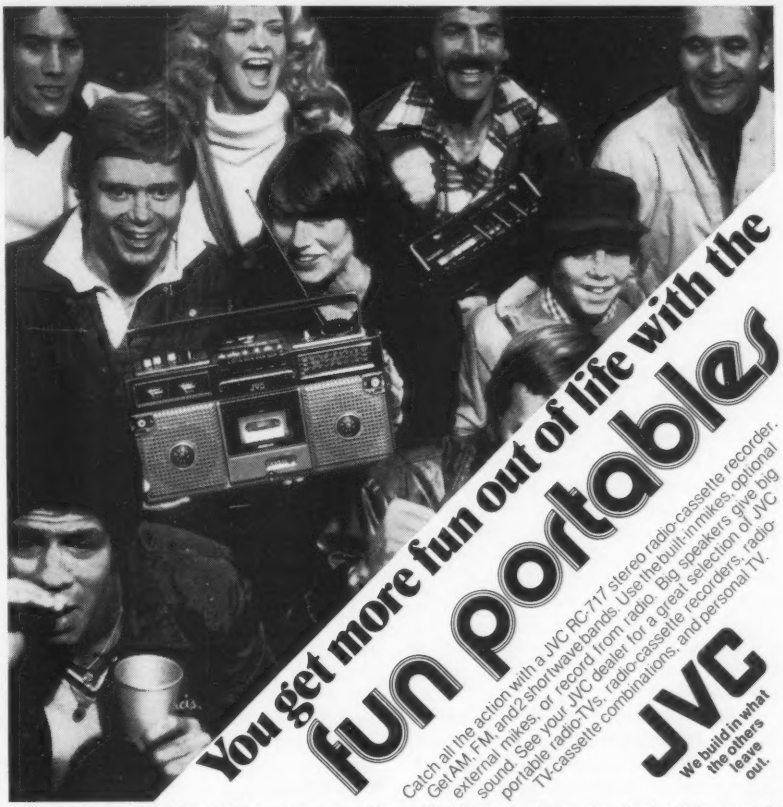
But the backlash to detente already was gathering force. An ominous foreshadowing of trouble to come was a Jackson rider attached to Senate approval of the first interim SALT treaty, a rider that specified that future arms agreements should contain assurances of numerical equality of missiles between the two great powers. More sophisitcated disarmament diplomats argued that some combination of quality and quantity in weapons could be used in a negotiating formula, but Jackson's rider carried easily.

A far more serious blow was congressional approval of the Jackson-Vanik amendment to the Trade Act of 1974; the amendment linked normal U.S.–U.S.S.R. trade relations to increased Jewish emigration from Russia. As could have been expected, the amendment produced the exact opposite of its intended objective: Emigration of Soviet Jews shot up from 1,000 in 1970 to 33,500 in 1973; after Jackson–Vanik, it dropped sharply.

The Russians considered passage of the Jackson–Vanik amendment (named for Sen. Jackson and Rep. Charles Vanik) to be the abrogation of the free trade treaty they had signed with Nixon. From that point on, economic relations swiftly declined. The Soviets stopped their program of repayment of World War II Lend-Lease loans, a concession that Nixon had won in 1972. And the amendment eliminated the chance for Russia to obtain "most favored nation" status with the U.S. and thus to enjoy the credit terms and tariff deals that almost all other trading partners—of whatever ideological stripe—are offered.

Watergate and Nixon's fall gave opponents of detente an opportunity to tar the practice of coexistence along with the practitioner. President Ford's attempt to extend the policies of his predecessor at parleys with the Russians at Vladivostok and Helsinki were attacked heatedly within his own Republican Party. Ford finally grew so defensive about detente that he explicitly dropped the very word from his 1976 campaign vocabulary.

Prominent Johnsonian Democrats were even more abusive to the proponents of detente. In the summer of 1974, Democratic politicians who had supported the war in Vietnam to its bitter end issued an anti-detente manifesto. It warned of the "Soviet threat" and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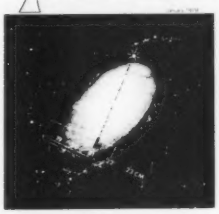

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argued for a continuation of the American global role that had been so thoroughly discredited in Vietnam. The broadside was written by a foreign policy task force under the direction of Eugene Rostow, former undersecretary of state for Lyndon Johnson and one of the Vietnam era's superhawks. Rostow's task force was formed under the auspices of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, a collection of Johnson–Humphrey Democrats who had been beaten by the McGovernites for party power in 1972.

Three days after Jimmy Carter's election in 1976, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority reannointed itself as the Committee on the Present Danger; in its opening ideological barrage, the committee called for an aggressive policy to counter the "Soviet drive for dominance based upon an unparalleled military buildup." Rostow was on the board of the new committee, along with other leading members of former Republican and Democratic administrations: Kennedy's Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Nixon's Undersecretary of Defense David Packard and former political switch hitters Connally and Nitze, who served both parties.

Almost at once, the Committee on the Present Danger became not only a fount of Cold War propaganda but the leading source of organized opposition to the several projects of detente diplomacy: SALT II, a joint East–West troop reduction in Europe, Soviet–American trade, a Middle East settlement based on great-power guarantees, U.S. sales of oil-exploration equipment to Russia and joint support for the black movements in Africa.

In the perspective of the members of the committee, the "present danger" was characterized by the "Soviet build-up" in ground troops, missiles and naval power. It included Russian "adventurism" in Angola and Ethiopia and the aid Russia was giving to black independence groups in Rhodesia, South Africa and Namibia. And the committee's moral justification for sabre-rattling against the Soviet Union was the treatment of Jews and dissidents inside Russia.

The individual members of Present Danger always have been more powerful than the institution itself. The senators, professors and publicists on the list—"the ten men running the Cold War issue"—have been able to maneuver a shift in U.S. attitudes and policies because they are so well placed within the political establishment and have easy access to the most influential organs of communication. They are not "right-wing nuts" or anti-Communist paranoiacs frothing at the mouth—and thus not dismissable as extremists. They are calculating and skillful entrepreneurs of power.

The committee's first specific demand of the new Carter Administration was for the appointment of Cold War hardliners to important foreign policy-making positions. A list of 53 names was submitted for the President's approval; all were rejected. Instead, Carter appointed dozens of diplomatic soft-liners—veterans of anti-Vietnam policies—from a list prepared by Vice President Mondale. The middle and and upper ranks of the State Department, the National Security Council and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency were staffed with such McGovern veterans as Leslie Gelb, Anthony Lake, Marshall Shulman, Paul Warnke, and David Aaron.

Johnson-Humphrey Democrats, discredited by the Vietnam war, are rallying around the born-again Soviet threat

Defeated in their bid for patronage power, Present Danger Committee members turned their attention to the congressional confirmation process. Here they were more successful. Led by Jackson and Moynihan, the Cold War group blocked the nomination of former Kennedy aide Theodore Sorenson for CIA director and delayed the nomination of Paul Warnke as head of the Disarmament Agency. The military machismo of both men was repeatedly questioned: Sorenson for being a conscientious objector and Warnke for his softness on the Vietnam war. (Implicitly through such political maneuvering and explicitly in books and articles, the Vietnam hawks-turned-Cold Warriors have tried to rewrite the history of the last decade to show that the war in Indochina was neither immoral nor reactionary, nor even a mistaken adventure, but a necessary action ruined by weak-willed or treacherous subversives on the home front.)

Throughout the first year of his new Administration, Carter maintained the momentum of detente, with only an occasional glance over his shoulder at the angry gestures emanating from Present Danger adherents. The President left African policy to U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, who believes that America stands to gain more by supporting black militant movements than by opposing Russian or Cuban influence on that continent. Carter encouraged SALT negotiator Warnke to come up with a new treaty. And a year ago this month, Carter and Brezhnev issued a joint statement on the Middle East, which tied peace in the region to a general East–West accord.

But early this year, Cold War fever struck again, this time in a more virulent strain. The problem now was the Horn of Africa, a dry and primitive peninsula comprised of Ethiopia, Somalia and Eritrea, where Soviet influence has been strong but inconsistent. The Russians, after all, were summarily kicked out of Somalia (losing their vaunted naval base astride the route of oil tankers from Arabia), and the Cubans have been reluctant to help Ethiopia take control of its rebel province of Eritrea.

For years, Ethiopia had been an American client state. There were secret U.S. intelligence bases there even after the feudal empire of Haile Selassie was overthrown in 1974 by a Marxist military junta. The idea that the Russians would pick up a rebellious American client when the going got rough—as they did—wounded the pride and patriotism of the Cold Warmongers, and soon high-pitched warnings of a Soviet thrust in Africa were being issued by the Present Danger people. Carter's Secretary of State Cyrus Vance tried to cool the issue; if there was any danger, it was symbolic and far in the future, he suggested. But the image of a Russian takeover of a continent had begun to take hold.

The continuing Cuban presence in Angola added to this new sense of peril. Andy Young's observation that the Cubans "stabilized" the political situation in that country—still reeling from a civil war in which South African whites intervened and the CIA meddled—was roundly denounced.

Then, late last May, rebels from the province of Katanga in Zaire reinvaded their homeland. The invaders were part of a contingent of Africans trained in military maneuvers by Cubans in Angola. The Cold War lobby promptly tried to sell the invasion as a major setback in East–West relations. While European countries flew in troops to safeguard their extensive mining interests and maintain their economic control, Zbigniew Brzezinski accused the Russians of masterminding an African takeover with Cuban surrogates. (Cuba denied it had any direct involvement in the Katanga invasion, and the CIA now agrees.) Brzezinski also spoke openly of "linking" a SALT treaty to Soviet behavior in Africa.

President Carter's popularity was beginning its long spring and summer slump, and his aides decided the image of presidential "softness" was largely responsible. As the rag-tag Katanga invasion ended with the dispatch of French and Belgian paratroops, Carter opened a NATO meeting in Washington with a call for $60 billion in new military expenditures and a warning that "the So-

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Carter had bought the Present Dangeroid line, at least for a season. In a Naval Academy speech delivered the week after the NATO meeting, Carter rattled his MIRVs and told the Soviet Union to choose "confrontation or cooperation." In the ensuing days, he ordered the National Security Council to review all trade deals with Russia to see that American industry was not "transferring technology" to the Soviets. Under the new review regulations, Sperry Rand was denied permission to sell a computer to the news agency Tass to facilitate compilation of statistics for the 1980 Olympics.

The Cold War scare intensified during the July trials of Jewish dissidents Anatoly Shcharansky and Alexander Ginzburg. When Shcharansky and Ginzburg were found guilty and sentenced to long prison and exile terms, New York's Daniel Moynihan called on Carter to cancel Vance's summer trip to the SALT conference in Geneva. "To send Vance to Geneva is to participate in the butchery now going on in the Soviet Union," Moynihan fumed.

Carter let Vance go anyway, but he pulled Environmental Protection Agency Deputy Administrator Barbara Blum off a plane to Moscow and canceled the Russian visit of his science adviser, Frank Press. At the same time, Brzezinski went off to Peking; he scrambled up the Great Wall and met with Chinese leaders for 11 hours of talks. Brzezinski gave substance to Russia's paranoia about encirclement by hostile neighbors and traditional enemies, i.e., a Chinese–American alliance with Japanese, Western European and breakaway satellite participation. In Peking, "Zbig" called the Russians "international marauders" and joked about whether the U.S. or China should be the first to go into Ethiopia to oppose them.

Whether it was the presumed Soviet military build-up, the human rights abuses or the thrust into Africa, the Russians were making more than a few American politicians very nervous. Former Vietnam doves like Rep. Robert Drinan of Massachusetts suggested a U.S. boycott of the Moscow Olympics. Sen. Gary Hart of Colorado, who had been George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972, now frequently finds himself in accord with hawkish Sen. Nunn in calling for a stronger NATO build-up to meet the Soviet threat on the Central Front. McGovern himself declared Cambodia an outlaw state and suggested that the United States should invade the country with other members of the United Nations.

As for the President, he instructed Attorney General Griffin Bell to arrest two suspected Russian spies and put them on trial—a violation of the tacit agreement long-honored by the superpowers to repatriate agents rather than subject them to public prosecution. In retaliation, the Russians published the story of an American CIA agent named Martha Peterson, whom they expelled (under the old agreement) last year. Then they arrested an International Harvester tractor sales agent, Francis Jay Crawford, and accused him of buying rubles on the black market. Charges of slander were lodged against the correspondents of the *New York Times* and the *Baltimore Sun*.

In the end, the Committee on the Present Danger *is* the present danger

At summer's end, Sen. Edward Kennedy embarked on his own personal mission to Moscow to make whatever political hay was available there. He was photographed with Comrade Brezhnev, and upon his return Kennedy let it be known that he had engineered visas for a dozen dissidents' families. The Kremlin promptly repudiated the Kennedy triumph: There would be "no deals" while the Administration pursued its Cold War strategies.

In the space of half a year, the promise of "Nixon's spring" was gone, the hopes of Carter's platform of peace seemed to be buried. If America and Russia were not back at square one, relations had sunk to the lowest point in 16 years, since John Kennedy faced off with Khrushchev over Berlin and Cuba.

Carl Marcy was staff director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the reign of former Sen. J. William Fulbright; now retired from the corridors of power, he continues to watch East–West accords and discords from a perch in a research institute housed in a refurbished slum on Capitol Hill. White haired and soft spoken, Marcy has seen wars hot and cold come and go, and he knows the difference between transient contests and long-term trends.

"Relations with the Soviet Union are much, much worse than they've been for many years," Marcy says sadly. "They've seriously deteriorated since Carter took office. I don't know whose fault it is, but I doubt if there will be any improvement at all during the rest of Carter's term."

Richard Perle, an intense, hard-line military strategist in Sen. Jackson's office, thinks he knows exactly whose fault it is. To Perle, who is known around Capitol Hill as "Scoop's minister of war," the new Cold War is stamped "Made in Moscow." "Don't ask *me* who started it," he says. "Ask the fellows in the Kremlin."

The fellows in Moscow, however, plead not guilty. "The Russian diplomats I've seen are absolutely baffled by what's going on," reports John Ritch, one of Carl Marcy's protégés now on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff. "To them, it's all a phantasmagoria of media events. There's no reason they can see for a new Cold War."

The current crop of Cold Warriors, of course, see reasons under every bed, not least among them the Soviets' own military build-up. And indeed, for nearly 30 years, Moscow steadily has been trying to attain a level of rough military equality with its arch-rival in the West—a level that many experts believe the Soviets now have in sight. Yet few high government officials have been overly concerned about Russia's understandable desire for power parity. No less a patriot than Gerald Ford said a few days before he vacated the White House last year, "The Soviet build-up is not a sudden surge. It has been a long-range program. I don't necessarily think that build-up is for adventures around the world. It is my feeling that they are doing it because they feel it is necessary for their own security."

Like the Bible or the U.S. Constitution, official estimates of Soviet military strength may mean different things to different people, and they can be used by angels or the Devil himself to prove a point. One important aspect of the debate on relative U.S. and Russian power rests on the missile count. Sen. Jackson believes that any arms agreement between the great powers should contain guarantees of exact numerical equality of missiles—a thousand of theirs for a thousand of ours. The Cold War lobby now interprets the CIA estimates of missile strength to say that the Soviets have pulled far ahead of the U.S. Russian defector Lev Navrozov, who writes frequently on these arcane subjects for *Commentary*, sounded this recent alarm:

"The fact is that between 1967 and 1977, the Soviet war economy—talking, say, in terms of numbers of submarine-launched ballistic missiles—has moved from a 1:6 inferiority vis-à-vis the United States to a 3:2 superiority. . . ."

The wild card here is the word "numbers." Russian missiles now deployed have single warheads; the U.S. models have multiple warheads (MIRVs). According to retired Admiral Gene LaRocque, who heads Washington's pro-detente Center for Defense Information, U.S. submarine missiles outnumber the Russians' 6:1 in warheads, and thus in actual fire power. If one side in a shoot-out has 30 guns with a single bul-

"Butchery": Avital (Mrs. Anatoly) Shcharansky at U.S. press conference

let per piece, and the other side has 20 guns with eight bullets per piece, who is "superior?" And when the bullets are nuclear warheads, do numbers beyond 20, 30 or 100 have any significance beyond doomsday reckoning?

Underlying the noisy hawk-dove debate over foreign military power there are more subtle—and more relevant—issues of domestic political power.

"This conflict is within the Left in America, not between the conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats," says an aide to Sen. Moynihan. "It's not the traditional right-left split. What it's all about is how the various factions of the Democratic Party see the world after Vietnam."

The Democrats' Johnson–Humphrey wing was discredited by the war in Vietnam—not utterly, perhaps, but enough so that its command of the levers of power was sharply diminished. Since 1972, that wing's major constituents have been on the outs in Washington. Organized labor, urban ethnics, pro-Zionist intellectuals, defense industrialists and academic strategists—all were ostracized in varying degrees by the McGovernites, and now all appear to be rallying around the born-again Soviet "threat," seeing in it an issue on which to rebuild a popular political base.

A prime example of this is the role of Jewish and Zionist organizations in the attack on détente. From the early days of the war in Vietnam, Israel's staunchest supporters feared that constraints on America's power and will to come to the aid of its allies might someday lead to the isolation of the Jewish state. Thus the Israeli lobby in the U.S. strongly supported the war, with many Jewish writers and philosophers performing ethical somersaults to justify the imperial adventure. The American defeat in Vietnam was a political blow. The new Cold War is seen as an opportunity to re-cement the U.S.–Israeli bond.

"The Jewish connection runs through the whole attack on détente," says one Senate staffer, very much not-for-attribution. "If it wasn't for the Jewish dissidents, there would be far less opposition over here to better relations with Russia. But Shcharansky is a good way to undermine SALT."

Senators Jackson and Moynihan lead the pro-Israel forces in the Senate, as they lead the Cold War lobby. The Committee on the Present Danger boasts such prominent Jewish figures as Nobel laureate Saul Bellow, sociologists Nathan Glazer and Seymour Martin Lipset, and editor Norman Podhoretz.

Completing the hand played against détente—in addition to the military and political cards—is the economic card. The prospect of a trade boom was always in the minds of the Nixonian détente negotiators in the early seventies. Although the actual dollar value of U.S.–U.S.S.R. trade might remain relatively low for many years, economists consider it important for American enterprise to secure a preemptive foothold in the Russian market. Most foreign affairs analysts believe that the dominant struggle of the last quarter of this century will be the contest among industrialized nations for economic superiority. While the Cold Warriors look back to the simple geopolitical conflicts of yesteryear, the détente theorists look ahead to the battles for resources and markets among the capitalist "allies."

The crucial difference in these perspectives can be seen in the argument over the Dresser Industries' oil-drilling machinery deal. Dresser, a Dallas manufacturing firm, has been granted licenses to help to build a $144 million plant in Russia, which would make an advanced oil drilling bit. The Cold Warriors of '78 strenuously oppose the deal. The Sam Huntington school wants to stop all "transfers of technology" from the U.S. to Russia, on the theory that technology is the one great resource the Soviet Union lacks. "Economic détente and military adventurism cannot go hand in hand for long," Huntington has written. "At some point, the Soviets will have to make a choice." It is not that the Kremlin will use Dresser's drill bit to gear up for war; rather, the development of Soviet oil technology would help the Russian economy at a time when (according to some CIA estimates) it is on the ropes. Anything that helps Russia hurts America.

In the view of the new wave economists, on the other hand, it is in America's best interest to help Russia develop its own oil resources. Otherwise, within ten years Russia will be a net importer of oil, and the drain on world petroleum resources will be enormous. Prices will skyrocket, and political tensions could rise apace as the great powers try to establish influence in oil-rich regions.

If it were not for the Jackson–Vanik restrictions on trade, the United States and the Soviet Union could be doing big business. As it is, the U.S. imported more goods from Uganda last year than from the U.S.S.R., and this year trade between the two superpowers will amount to only about $3 billion, with the U.S. exporting almost six times as much to Russia as it imports. What the Russians cannot buy from the U.S. they are purchasing from West Germany or France—including many of the high-technology items that the Cold Warriors would deny them. Last year, Soviet trade with West Germany and France totaled almost $6.2 billion, three times the U.S. figure. France is providing Tass with the computer that Carter blocked Sperry Rand from selling.

There is another economic aspect to the deadly Cold War game. For 30 years, military expenditures have constituted one of the most important ways the federal government pumps tax money into the economy—and into the profits of defense manufacturers (and the banks that finance them). But since 1968, defense spending has been declining as a percentage of the gross national product—from more than nine percent when the Vietnam war was at its peak to less than five percent this year. (Of course, the total figure is growing: The budget this year for arms is close to $100 billion.) But now defense spending analysts are predicting a rapid acceleration in military outlays, to about $135 billion in 1979 and perhaps to as much as $200 billion by 1984.

The bigger the Cold War, in other words, the bigger the defense budget—

Photograph by George T. Kruse

and the better many economists feel about industrial growth. Philadelphia banker Terrence Larsen recently told the *Wall Street Journal* that an increase in the Pentagon budget next year is the principal reason he believes a recession to be unlikely. There is, of course, a danger that massive military spending will create inflation faster than it cures recession. Money for military hardware does not increase the supply of consumer goods; it merely increases demand, by placing money in the hands of wage earners. Wage earners cannot buy bombs. Big demand, low supply: That is exactly the prescription for inflation.

The Cold War, Part I, had a crazy scenario, but there was a certain consistency in its ideology. It was based on anti-Communism, which dressed militarism in the rituals of religious belief. The crusaders of that earlier conflict never lost sight of their Grail—the crushing of Godless Communism, the defeat of the totalitarian antichrist. The theological necessity of the Cold War justified all the means used to pursue it—from repressive McCarthyism at home, to the subversion of reformist governments in Guatemala or Iran, to the expenditure of billions and billions of dollars on weapons of mass annihilation.

The sequel, as it develops, has no such coherence. After all, China is Communist, Yugoslavia is Communist, and so are Rumania and Poland—all countries courted by the Cold Warriors of Washington. With the religious fervor of a great crusade stripped away, there is not much substance to the new Cold War, save the paranoia about a dubious Soviet threat. Even the densest politicians in Washington have known for decades that there are enough nuclear missiles in each of the superpower's arsenals to

The bigger the Cold War, the bigger the defense budget—and the better many economists feel about industrial growth

destroy everyone on earth many times over. The argument over the missile count in the SALT agreements is basically a political one, not a military one; that is, the debate itself is meant to threaten and distract the other side. And yet the war hawks harp on the tiny details of these matters as if our lives hang on irrelevant shifts in the warhead count or the throw-weight total.

What is most startling, however, is that no one except the runners on the inside track seems to be listening. Stop anyone on the street: What does a MIRV look like? Have you ever seen an MX, a cruise missile, a Backfire bomber? Where is Vladivostok and what happened there? How many warheads can dance on the head of a Minuteman?

In the old days, people in everyday life knew about Yalta and Potsdam, Hiroshima and Bikini. They had heard of the Rosenbergs, Alger Hiss, Judith Coplon. There was a culture of the Cold War era, and it had a certain skewed integrity, from hula hoops to Elvis Presley to Francis Gary Powers. It was a culture with roots in the mass of American people, and it nurtured an elaborate growth of military might and ideological fervor. It took a massive dose of new reality—war and defeat, recession and long lines at the gas pump—to change that cultural base.

The foreign policy consensus of the first Cold War era fell apart over Vietnam, because it was no longer possible to interpret the world in terms of the single-minded contest between two great powers. The rise of the new post-Vietnam foreign policy experts came from their mastery of the new scenarios—of complex interaction between big powers and emerging nations, of North–South tensions as well as East–West ones, of intracapitalist competition and constraints undreamed of in the 1950s, when Washington really did rule the world.

Richard Pranger, who, as assistant to former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, helped to formulate Nixon's détente policy, said recently that the new Cold War lobbyists have no policy to replace détente because there is no other formula that meets the new realities of the post-Vietnam world. Nor can they create a new domestic culture of Cold War fervor to support an era of tension. What they can do, however, is use their elite positions and political power to destroy the progress of the last several years. In the end, then, the Committee on the Present Danger *is* the present danger.

"I ask these people who want a new Cold War a set of questions," says Carl Marcy. "Would you trade our border with Canada for Russia's border with China? Would you trade our border with Mexico for theirs with Poland? Would you trade our overseas bases for theirs? Our missiles for theirs? Our Navy for theirs? Our Air Force for theirs? Our economy for theirs? Our technology, our allies, our resources for theirs? Of course, the answer in every case is, 'No.' And yet these people need to have an enemy, against all reason. The United States has been at war with every great power except Russia. Perhaps they need that war to prove to themselves that America is the greatest power the world has ever known." ●

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The Nightmare Of Hugh Rivers, Jr.

In his delusions he thought the President was trying to kill him. In fact, America's mental health system almost did

by Caryl Rivers

The fugitive stumbles through the wooded, swampy terrain, his heart beating wildly. What chance has he for survival, when the President of the United States has taken personal charge of the manhunt? He hears a jet plane overhead, and he rips the zipper out of his pants to escape the metal detector that is part of the plane's equipment.

He spots a farmhouse and crawls into the barn with the pigs and cows to try to sleep. But the animals are restless, and he is afraid the noise will rouse the farmer, so he heads across the open field toward the woods again. As he runs beside a drainage ditch, he hears the sound of a helicopter, and he scrambles into the ditch, holding his breath and ducking his head beneath the filthy water. If he is taken, he will be executed immediately. The conspiracy against the forces of democracy reaches too high—all the way to the President himself.

Familiar? It seems like standard thriller material: conspiracy in high places, the chase, the tension building to exquisite terror, the climax that will be riveting on the screen.

But this is not fiction. It is true. The planes, the troops, the presidential order to kill on sight—they are real in the head of the man cowering in the drainage ditch, as real as the water that soaks his clothes. He is roaming the uncharted moors of delusion. There no choppers filled with combat troops—but his terror is authentic. There is nothing fictitious about the swift-flowing river into which he plunges to escape and in which he nearly drowns.

The cruel irony of it all is that it never should have happened. The drugs that would have banished the nightmare world inside his head, that would have returned him to the world of reality, were there all the time. Just a short time before, he had entered a prestigious research facility for treatment of depression. Once there, and still quite rational and articulate, he was removed from the antipsychotic drugs that had kept him free from delusions for the previous three years. Then, despite the fact that he had resumed extremely peculiar behavior, and despite urgent pleas from his family, he was declared "stable" and released. In the following weeks, surrounded by doctors and hospitals, he sank deeper and deeper into delusion, while his family, desperately and unsuccessfully, sought assistance.

Caryl Rivers is a free-lance writer who teaches at Boston University.

His story points up the malfunction of the mental health system in this country. It is a story, with minor variations, that countless families who have contended with mental illness know well. Most families learn quickly that they have few acceptable choices. Private psychiatric hospitals, which often provide good care, cost between $3,000 and $5,000 a month. At the other end of the spectrum are the state mental hospitals, which are almost uniformly disgraceful. They are little more than temporary warehouses for the sick, where Thorazine has replaced the straight jacket. In between are the community facilities—a maze of hospitals, clinics and crisis centers of wildly varying quality. If the story of Hugh Rivers, Jr.—who is my younger brother—were an exception to the norm, it would be just another horror story. But his story is not an aberration. It is happening right now, to him and to many others, and will continue to happen. It was the most extreme sort of understatement when Leona Bachrach, then a staff sociologist on the President's Commission on Mental Health, reported that "Many have simply fallen through the cracks."

Hugh Rivers, Jr. remembers his childhood near Washington, D.C. as normal and happy. But the onset of puberty brought baffling depressions that neither he nor his family could understand. The family doctor gave him an EEG to measure his brain waves and found a minor "spiking" pattern, a small irregularity. The pattern was not pronounced enough to reveal epilepsy, though his uncle is an epileptic. But the doctor did prescribe Dilantin, a drug used by epileptics to control seizures. Hugh's depressions subsided, though they did not disappear, and he was taken off the drug. Depressions plagued him during his college years, but his grades stayed well above average. He often had the sensation of being in a race with his legs weighted with lead, but he assumed that this was how life was for everyone. He was accepted at George Washington University Law School, and while he was there, he met and married a lovely girl from El Salvador, who was working in Washington. She was aware of his problems with depression, but felt they could work it out.

Hugh's performance in law school was erratic. He alternated between periods when he felt marvelous and full of energy and other times when he was so depressed he could not get out of bed. In August of 1970, with his wife expecting a child, Hugh was feeling wonderful. Too wonderful, in fact. He was entering a stage that later he recognized as mania. As he went "higher," he began to suffer, for the first time in his life, from delusions. He began to believe that he was a prime mover in the international peace movement. His behavior was so erratic that his wife and his parents realized he had suffered some sort of breakdown; Hugh was hospitalized at the Phipps Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. While Hugh was in the hospital, his wife gave birth to a son. With no job, and faced with Hugh's illness, his wife saw no alternative but to return to El Salvador.

In the hospital, Hugh was given antipsychotic drugs that gradually erased

Illustrations by Sue Coe

kill on sight

his delusional thinking. But when he came out of the hospital and found his wife gone and his law school career in ruins, he slid into a deep depression. There were some days when the psychic pain was so unbearable that he beat his head against the wall. Two years passed, and, by that time, the young doctor at Hopkins who was treating him, Dr. Robert Posner, felt they were making headway with Hugh's depression. The drugs seemed to break through for a time; but then the depression came crashing back. Sometimes Hugh felt like a yo-yo, bouncing up and down.

In the spring of 1974, Hugh was still under treatment, living at home, and Dr. Posner was scheduled to complete his residency at Hopkins. He was anxious to transfer Hugh's case to a good psychiatrist with a strong background in psychopharmacology—the study of the

effects of drugs on the mind. Hugh was taking a drug called Lithium, believed to be very effective in the treatment of manic-depressive illness, and he had read about the work of Dr. Ronald R. Fieve of the New York State Psychiatric Institute with Lithium and manic-depressed patients. Hugh called Dr. Fieve, who suggested that Hugh get in touch with Dr. William Bunney at the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland. Hugh called Dr. Bunney and, as a result of the call, was tentatively accepted into an NIMH research program.

It was understood by Hugh and his family that he would be taken off all medication when he entered the program and then be evaluated again later. The NIMH program involved the use of drugs, some of them experimental, and it needed certain types of depressed patients for the research. If Hugh was finally accepted, his stay would be about four months.

My parents, Hugh Rivers, Sr. and Helen Rivers, (and I) had high hopes for the program. The previous few years had been incredibly hard on my parents. During his illness, Hugh had lived at home, unable to work and resentful of the fact. When his anger at his illness boiled over, as often it did, he had no one else on whom to vent it. Hugh, Sr. had suffered two heart attacks, and he and Helen had to cope with the terminal illness of his mother and the gradual descent into senility of Helen's mother, in addition to their son's illness.

There was a social worker in the NIMH ward, who will be called "Mrs. X" here, who began to play an important role in the story. She served as a liaison between the family and the staff, and in February of 1974, she visited the Rivers' home. From the outset, my parents found her attitude disturbing.

The woman did not exactly discuss Hugh's case with my parents. Instead, she lectured them about it. She talked about his rebellious attitude toward the rules of the ward and, in the tones of a scolding third-grade teacher, said he must have the support of the family to build a "responsible" attitude. Her attitude was accusing and entirely without foundation. It was the classic guilt trip that so often is laid on parents of the mentally ill.

But my parents swallowed their resentment and tried to be cooperative. They did not know that this was the beginning, for them, of a series of events which at times would seem so incredible that they would not be able to believe it was happening—particularly not to a white, middle-class family who believed it had some sophistication in dealing with "the system." But the system proved to be a huge Rube Goldberg machine, full of trap doors and gears that never seemed to mesh. With each passing day, our sense of impotence and frustration mounted. My mother kept a day-to-day journal of the events, and it is this diary, together with Hugh's and my own recollections, that I have used to describe Hugh's ordeal:

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1975: Hugh calls home, elated, to say that Dr. John Carman, one of the staff psychiatrists at NIMH, has told him it is almost 99-percent certain he will be allowed to stay.

Wednesday, Feb. 27: Hugh is told that he will be rejected by NIMH because the drugs to be used in research are antidepressants, and he is not now depressed. He will be discharged from the program, on the following Tuesday morning, as "stable." It has become clear to Helen and Hugh, Sr. that Mrs. X views Hugh very differently from the way the doctors at Johns Hopkins did. Mrs. X has made it plain that she does not like Hugh and resents his rebellion. She calls him a young man with "characterological" problems, produced by over-indulgent parents. I know that our parents were never "overprotective." That night, from Boston, I tell my parents I have picked up disturbing "vibes" from a telephone conversation with my brother. I am sure Hugh is starting to go "high." I telephone Mrs. X, but the woman is brusque and unresponsive. She treats me as if I were a not too bright patient. I write to Dr. Bunney, the head of the manic-depressive unit at NIMH, reporting Hugh's erratic behavior and concluding: "I feel strongly that for NIMH to accept him briefly, withdraw him from drugs and discharge him in a condition that I am certain is not—at the present moment—stable, is not in accord with the basic principle of medicine: Do No Harm."

Thursday, Feb. 28: Helen and Hugh meet with Hugh, Jr., Dr. Carman and Mrs. X at NIMH. The Rivers say they do not believe their son is stable, that he is, in fact, moving into his former delusional pattern. The decision stands, they are told. That night, I phone my parents again to tell of another conversation with Hugh. He says he is being secretly photographed and makes veiled references to a conspiracy against him. I tell him to talk about these things to the NIMH staff. He refuses. After my call, Helen calls Mrs. X. Mrs. X says I am "upset" and cannot be objective about the facts.

Friday, March 1: Hugh is home for weekend leave. He is to be released the following Tuesday. He seems very agitated and tells his father that NIMH is trying to exercise control over his mind. When he can't reach a friend on the phone, he is afraid violence has been done to him by an organization trying to keep Richard Nixon in power.

Saturday, March 2: Helen is driving to a shopping center with Hugh, Jr. and asks him to mail a letter. Hugh drops it in the box and then becomes extremely agitated. He becomes nearly hysterical when Helen says she cannot get the let-

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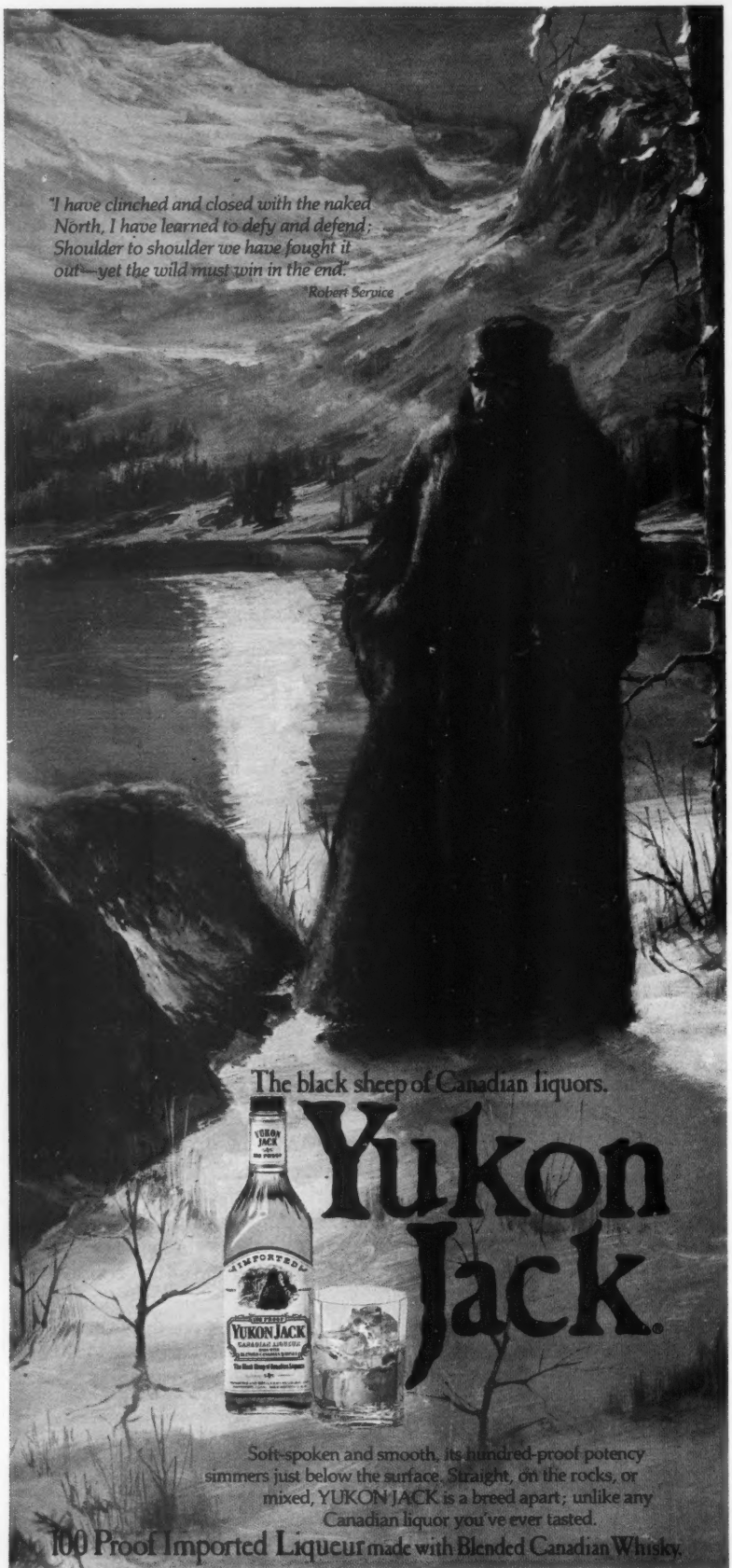
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ter back. Helen is puzzled by his actions. She does not know that he has incorporated her into the delusions that are building in his mind. He has read an Allen Drury novel in which the Soviet Union is trying to take over the U.S. Helen had gone on a trip to Russia with a local group during the previous year, and, because of this, Hugh thinks she may be a Soviet agent. He says to his mother, "If you are going to tell them, or have me put away, I will clamp my mouth closed!" He makes a motion as if he were zipping his lip.

Later that day, Hugh telephones Dr. Posner. Hugh is calmer, but he talks about the military-industrial complex and "sinister forces," and Posner picks up clinical signs of delusion. I am aware of Hugh's worsening state of mind, and I call Dr. Posner to tell him that the family has been unsuccessful in convincing Mrs. X that Hugh is delusional, despite his history. Dr. Posner has never lectured or played God, and he was always available when Hugh had problems. Posner says that,from his conversation with Mrs. X, he has gotten the idea that she doesn't want Hugh in the program. "Hugh's on her shit list," he says. He suggests that the family try to call the doctor on the ward. Helen and Hugh are convinced they must talk to someone other than Mrs. X, but when they try to reach one of the staff doctors, it is Mrs. X who comes on the line. They tell her of Hugh's bizarre behavior. She says he is simply faking delusions so that he will not be thrown out of the program.

Sunday, March 3: Hugh, Jr. brings Helen a copy of *The Manchurian Candidate*. He tells her to read the last page, in which a young man shoots his mother and stepfather, both of whom are Red Chinese agents. Hugh goes into his room and can be heard talking to the radio as if it could hear him. Helen and Hugh are terrified. That night, when they take him back to NIMH, they try to talk to an aide about Hugh's behavior. The aide tells them that Mrs. X thinks Hugh is faking.

Tuesday, March 5: Helen and Hugh pick up Hugh, Jr. at 8:15 A.M. at NIMH. He has been discharged as "stable" and referred to the community psychiatric clinic, which serves patients in Hugh's home area, Montgomery County, Maryland. He is told to fill out an application and is assigned to a woman psychiatrist, Dr. Pauline Rabin. He is scheduled to see her Friday at 11 o'clock.

Friday, March 8: Hugh has spent the previous night with friends. He does not show up for his appointment at the clinic. Helen and Hugh drive out to his friend's house, since there is no phone in the house. They find Hugh asleep on the couch. He says to them, "I cannot keep up the pace. I am exhausted from all the work I am doing." He now be-

lieves that he is the President of the United States—or, at other times, a presidential aide—directing a struggle between democracy and communism.

Saturday, March 9: Helen goes into Hugh's room to make his bed and finds a newspaper on which he has written, "Where the fuck do I put the command post?" Hugh is taking three butcher knives to bed with him. Helen and Hugh, Sr. are certain he is not suicidal, though possibly he is dangerous to others. In any case, he is 6′ 4″ and weighs 200 pounds, so they leave him alone.

Sunday, March 10: Hugh calls me and says that NIMH has implanted radioactive material into his brain. He says NIMH wants him to assassinate leading political figures. "These people wish to keep Nixon in the White House," he says. Helen and Hugh, Sr. grow more frightened. Hugh has never been in a delusional state without medication. They have no idea what he will do.

Monday, March 11: Hugh refuses to see Dr. Rabin. He is still very angry with Mrs. X and says he will not see a woman doctor. He is persuaded to call Dr. Posner (although Posner is not officially his physician anymore), and Posner suggests that he go directly to the emergency room of a hospital with a psychiatric unit. (Although Hugh is delusional, he does have the sense that he is ill. This will vanish later as he goes deeper into delusion.) Hugh drives to George Washington University Hospital, where he sees Dr. Eric Bergman, a staff psychiatrist. Hugh tells Dr. Bergman about the conspiracy. Dr. Bergman calls Helen and Hugh, Sr. and tells them that Hugh is in need of hospitalization.

The doctor takes the names and numbers of both Mrs. X and Dr. Posner, and he calls both of them. At 11:15 P.M., he calls Helen and Hugh to come and pick up their son; he has been given a tranquilizer and is too woozy to drive. Dr. Bergman says that he has talked to Mrs. X and that she has told him she will arrange to have Hugh evaluated for readmission to NIMH. Helen and Hugh breathe a great sigh of relief.

Tuesday, March 12: Helen telephones to tell Mrs. X they will bring Hugh back to NIMH as soon as he is awake, but she is told Mrs. X is not in yet. Hugh, Sr. calls Dr. Posner to fill him in on what has happened. While Hugh, Sr. waits on the phone, Dr. Posner telephones Mrs. X on another line, to help facilitate Hugh's return to NIMH. In a minute, Dr. Posner returns and tells Hugh, Sr. that Mrs. X now says she will not take Hugh back for reevaluation. She says that the family was "misinformed" by Dr. Bergman. Mrs. X now says that she will accept a recommendation for reevaluation of Hugh *only* from the community psychiatric clinic—not from Dr. Bergman or Dr. Posner. Mrs. X and Posner clash on the phone. She is critical of the way Hugh was treated at Hopkins, implying that he was "overmedicated." Posner snaps back that "Johns Hopkins isn't exactly the bush leagues."

After Mrs. X's decision, Helen and Hugh, Sr., after weeks of tension, are desperate. Hugh is sinking deeper into delusion, and they are in the classic Catch-22. He must be hospitalized, but how? All the paths lead back to Mrs. X—and she will accept a recommendation only from the community clinic, to which Hugh refuses to go. And no other doctor wants to treat him while he is officially assigned to a doctor at the clinic.

Surrounded by doctors and hospitals, he sunk deeper and deeper into delusion while his family, desperately and unsuccessfully, sought assistance

Hugh, Sr. calls one of the supervisors at the clinic, Dr. David Irwin, and tells him what has happened. Dr. Irwin says that he has just talked to Mrs. X and that she made no mention of the fact that the family had asked for Hugh to be reevaluated. She said nothing of the family's desperate struggle to convince her Hugh was delusional. Dr. Irwin tells Hugh, Sr., "I am clearly in the middle here," and says that he will look into the matter. Hugh, Sr. says that his son would agree to see a male psychiatrist. In this emergency situation, won't a male doctor agree to see him?

Wednesday, March 13: Dr. Irwin calls to say there will be no male psychiatrist available for a month. Dr. Posner calls Hugh and tries to persuade him to see Dr. Rabin. Hugh reluctantly agrees. That night he goes to dinner with friends and talks a great deal about the fact that Helen is a Soviet agent. His friends call Helen and say they are worried. Helen puts a chair against her bedroom door that night. Hugh is still taking the knives to bed.

Wednesday, March 20: Hugh has seen Dr. Rabin twice but has been uncooperative. Now he says he is angry with her and will never see her again. Helen and Hugh are close to panic. Mrs. X has blocked all attempts to have Hugh hospitalized. They are afraid to call the police, because Hugh has said that if they do, he will "take a few of them with me." And if they do call the police, Hugh will be taken to the state mental hospital.

Tuesday, March 26: At 3 A.M., Hugh goes into the basement and shuts off all the power in the house. Hugh is certain an NIMH assassin is after him, and he thinks he has a better chance in the dark. He sits up all night, knife in hand, waiting.

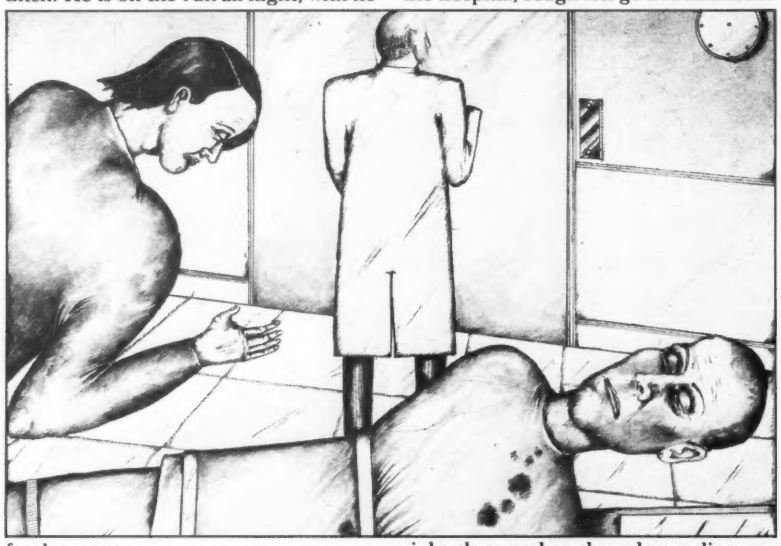
Wednesday, March 27: Hugh is sitting with his father watching *Kojak*. Hugh is very delusional, watching for "signals." The *Kojak* plot is about a man running from the Mafia, and Hugh takes this as a sign that he must flee. He is worried about getting out of the neighborhood without being seen. He takes a flashlight into his room and sends out a series of signals in Morse code, aimed at a high-rise building a few blocks away. He flashes: "Help Me! Let's Get Victory!"

Hugh then takes his car keys and, unseen, leaves the house. He has just read a book about the Civil War by Bruce Catton, and he believes the people in the South are his allies. Now he is incorporating everything he sees or reads into his delusions. Color has significance, too. Gold has come to mean safety, so he follows any gold-colored car he sees heading south. He drives all night, coming into Richmond as the sun rises.

Thursday, March 28: At 8 A.M., Dr. Rabin calls Helen and Hugh, Sr. to say that Hugh should certainly not be wandering around in a confused state. She says she has been trying to get a male psychiatrist to see him, but the staff at the clinic has told her none is available. In a little while, Helen and Hugh discover that Hugh is not at home and that he is not with any of his friends. I place an urgent call to NIMH to tell them what has happened. At 3 P.M., I get a call from Dr. Robert Post, one of the doctors on Hugh's ward at NIMH. He is irritated, condescending and brusque. He says the family hasn't even tried to contact the staff about Hugh's problems, and he abruptly terminates the call. I realize that Mrs. X, having written the whole family off as neurotic troublemakers, has not told anyone at NIMH what is happening. At 4 P.M., Helen is finally able to get in touch with Dr. Fredrick Stoddard, administrator of the ward, after constant calling. Dr. Stoddard says he will call Dr. Irwin at the clinic. Helen and Hugh are tense and fearful. At 5 P.M., they ask the police to put out an all-points bulletin on Hugh.

All during this day, Hugh heads south. In Richmond, he sees a sign that reads JOHN MARSHALL HOTEL lettered in gold. He heads for the hotel, but as he is about to enter, he sees a garbage truck, painted red, collecting refuse from the hotel. Red means danger, so he decides Richmond is unsafe. He follows a gold-painted school bus heading south. He pulls into a gas station to fill the tank, but he sees a man polishing the rim of a tire and reads that as a signal to "roll out

of here." Looking at a map, he sees that the primary roads are marked in red: danger. The secondary roads are marked in black, so they are safe. He hears a song on the radio about West Virginia and decides that it is a message that he must get to West Virginia to be safe. The car is running out of gas, and he is certain his pursuers are close behind. He pulls the car up onto an old dirt road and spends several hours camouflaging it with leaves and dirt. It is getting dark by the time he finishes, and he starts to walk through the wooded terrain. He now believes he is a high presidential aide, on the run from anti-democratic forces led by Richard Nixon. He walks all night, convinced the land-and-air search is on. It is during this night that he will try to hide in the barn and dive under the muddy water of the ditch. He is on the run all night, with no food or water.



Friday, March 29: By daybreak, Hugh is in North Carolina. He has become convinced that the songs of birds will lead him to safety, and he wanders in circles, following the sounds. Once he emerges from the woods and sees a local police car. Terrified, he plunges back into the woods, wading through a stream to throw dogs off the scent. He follows the stream, and, as it gets deeper and deeper, he is almost pulled down by the weight of his jacket. The stream has turned into a swift-flowing river in the midst of a treacherous swamp filled with quicksand, snakes and strong currents. Gasping for breath, he finally pulls himself out of the current. He stumbles on, much of the time waist-deep in slime. By the time the sun is going down, he has covered eight miles of swamp and has nearly drowned twice. He is cut and bleeding when he finally comes out of the swamp near a farmhouse. The house has a gold knocker on it—a stroke of luck, because if he had gone back into the swamp at night, he probably would have drowned. When a woman answers and sees him, wearing only his shirt, underwear and sneakers, she slams the door. He passes out, an ambulance is called, and Hugh is taken to a local hospital. After Hugh awakens and his cuts are treated, two police officers walk in and tell him that they are going to take him to Dorothea Dix Hospital in Raleigh. In the car, Hugh notices that one of the policemen is wearing a gold watch. Hugh believes that he is in touch with the man by mental telepathy, and that the policeman is an ally. He sends a message. "You take care of the guy in the front seat, and I'll escape." He sees that the traffic lights are all green, and he thinks that is a signal that the man has agreed to the plan. When they arrive at Dorothea Dix Hospital, Hugh winks at the policeman. In the lobby of the hospital, Hugh lets go a roundhouse right that catches the other policeman on the jaw. He makes a break for the door, but it is locked. He is sure he will soon be executed.

Saturday, March 30: At 12:10 A.M., Deputy Bobby Davis of Smithfield, North Carolina calls the Rivers' to report that Hugh has been found. He tells them, "How he came out of that river and swamp alive, I'll never know. Only the grace of God could have brought him through it." The Rivers' contact Dr. Stoddard at NIMH to tell him that Hugh has been found, and then the negotiations start. Helen and Hugh, Sr. believe that NIMH has an ethical obligation to treat Hugh, since he went into the program rational and was discharged in a delusional state. This whole episode would not have happened if Hugh had not been mistakenly discharged as "stable." It becomes clear that NIMH is not eager to have Hugh back again. But Dr. Stoddard says he has made arrangements for Hugh to be taken to a local hospital, Montgomery General, to be evaluated for possible return to NIMH.

Monday, April 1: A snag arises in the plans to get Hugh admitted to Montgomery General. The hospital rarely accepts patients who will not enter voluntarily. In Hugh's delusional state, he would not sign himself into any place—not when he thinks he is going to be taken out and shot. (Hugh is still in the North Carolina hospital, where he is spitting out his medicine, thinking it is poison.) The Rivers' family physician arranges to get Hugh admitted to another hospital, the Washington Adventist Hospital, where the reevaluation can be done. (Why won't NIMH take Hugh back directly? That is never made clear. But Dr. Stoddard says Hugh must be evaluated elsewhere.) The Rivers' arrange for a male nurse to fly down to North Carolina to bring Hugh home.

Tuesday, April 2: The family is scheduled to meet with Dr. Stoddard at NIMH. I fly in from Boston, and the family is joined by a friend, a producer for NBC who knows all about the case and who, as an outsider, presumably can't be written off so easily as a neurotic. The group arrives at the NIMH complex in Bethesda at 8:30 A.M. Dr. Stoddard and Mrs. X arrive. He is a young man, bearded and dressed casually, and his manner is cordial. Mrs. X is a middle-aged woman, very conservatively dressed. The Rivers' state their position. NIMH should give Hugh good care at least until his delusions are gone, since he entered NIMH depressed and came out psychotic. Dr. Stoddard is vague. He says Hugh needs a long hospital stay, and suggests the state mental hospital. It is Catch-22 again. Dr. Stoddard says the one thing Hugh needs is continuity of care. And he readily admits that at state hospitals patients bounce from one doctor to another. At one point, he even says that, when patients of his have been in state hospitals, they've been put on combinations of medications, and when they come out, they have to be "straightened out."

At this point, I begin to feel a strong kinship with Yossarian, or with some character out of Kafka. Here is Dr. Stoddard, saying in one breath that, yes, state hospitals are lousy, and in the next suggesting that Hugh be sent to one. Later in the meeting, Mrs. X says that Dr. Posner never contacted her to ask that Hugh be reevaluated. Helen, Hugh and I all pounce at once.

"We were on the other line when he was talking to you!" Helen says angrily. Dr. Stoddard moves in quickly. "I'm sure there's been a misunderstanding here," he says. (It is clear to me that Stoddard is aware that the case has been mishandled and is trying to ease the Rivers' away from a direct confrontation with Mrs. X.) The meeting grinds on, with Dr. Stoddard promising to help but keeping his offer vague. Mrs. X is ashen

at the end of the meeting. I feel a stab of pity for her, even though her actions could have cost my brother his life. I think that maybe Mrs. X has learned something. Hugh, Sr. doesn't think so. "She'll just take it out on the next poor bastard she gets," he says. He is tired and drawn, obviously exhausted. Helen tells him that for the first time in her life she really knows how black people feel. "If this is what they have to face all the time—the frustration, the bureaucratic arrogance, the condescention, I don't see why they don't come up out of the ghettos and murder every white person they see," she says. She says she feels like taking NIMH apart brick by brick.

In North Carolina, on this same day, the male nurse arrives to take Hugh to the Adventist Hospital. Hugh dresses and gets into the cab with the nurse, but when the cab stops at a light, Hugh leaps out and runs into the woods again. When the Rivers' get the news, they are near despair. That night, Helen has nightmares about Hugh lying injured in the woods with no one to help him and finally dying, alone, crazed and terrified.

Wednesday, April 3: Hugh is taken into custody again when a policeman spots him scavenging for food in the storehouse of a restaurant.

Thursday, April 4: Helen and Hugh, Sr. are notified that Hugh is back in Dorothea Dix Hospital. They plan to leave immediately for North Carolina, even though Helen is worried about the elder Hugh. She wonders how much strain his damaged heart can stand.

Friday, April 5: The drive to Raleigh takes most of the day. Arriving at the hospital, Helen and Hugh are shocked by their son's appearance. His trousers are torn from crotch to waist, his socks are torn, his feet are filthy. He speaks only in whispers.

Monday, April 8: Helen calls NIMH. Dr. Stoddard is not in, so she speaks with Dr. Carman and tells him that Dr. Stoddard has told the family that NIMH will help make arrangements to transport Hugh back to Maryland. At 4 P.M., Dr. Stoddard calls Helen back to say that not only does NIMH have no means of transporting Hugh back to Maryland, but that since Hugh is in no position to enter NIMH voluntarily, the offer to take him back after he is re-evaluated will also have to be withdrawn. He says that Hugh should be transported back to the state mental hospital by something called "interstate compact." This is a procedure by which one state arranges with another for ambulance transportation of a patient across state lines. Helen says she would rather take Hugh, Jr. home by private ambulance, and Dr. Stoddard argues that she should not do that.

At 4:30 on that afternoon, Helen and Hugh are scheduled to meet with the doctor who is in charge of Hugh's ward at Dorothea Dix. As they enter his office, a social worker named Rosalind Thompson says to Helen, "Tell your husband not to wait for the interstate compact. Get your son back home where he can get care. I'll talk to you about it later."

In the meeting, the head of the ward says that Dr. Stoddard has telephoned him to urge that he try to discourage the Rivers' from taking their son home by private ambulance. The doctor does not agree. "How far can he run in leg irons?" he says.

When Helen and Hugh leave the meeting, Rosalind Thompson tells them that she has arranged three interstate compacts. One took a year and the others took six months. She says that if Hugh were to be committed in North Carolina, he would not be kept on the admitting ward, where the care is good, but would be sent to one of the back wards. The thought of their son spending a year in the back ward of a North Carolina mental hospital makes the Rivers' determined to go through with their plan. As they are talking to the social worker, a nurse walks up and reports that Hugh Rivers is due in court tomorrow for permanent commitment. It is the first the Rivers' know of this.

His parents believe NIMH has an ethical obligation to treat Hugh, since he went into the program rational and was discharged in a wildly delusional state

Tuesday, April 9: The Rivers' have hired a private ambulance service, which arrives at the hospital at 8 A.M. Hugh is strapped to a stretcher and carried out. In the hallway, as they are leaving, Helen encounters one of the doctors on the ward.

"I think this is illegal," he says.

Helen brushes past him, snapping, "I'm a lawyer," (which is true) "and I know its legal!"

They leave the hospital at 9A.M.— one hour before Hugh is due in a North Carolina court for permanent commitment.

Epilogue: Returning home, my parents were forced to put Hugh into a private hospital, since NIMH refused to treat him. His stay cost my parents $7,000 of their $10,000 life savings. Physically, neither Helen nor Hugh ever recovered from the ordeal. Afterward, Helen suffered from stomach pains, and she died of cancer in 1976. Hugh, Sr. died six months later of acute leukemia.

As for my brother, he recovered from his delusional episodes with the help of antipsychotic drugs. The drugs kept him stable, free of depression and delusion and enabled him, for a while, to hold down a job. When he was job-hunting, he did not tell people about his illness. He knows the fear people feel when confronted with someone who is "crazy." But he wants the story told, because he feels an obligation to the people who are fighting the same battles he has faced all of his adult life. He knows he was lucky; that if he had not been white and middle class, that if he had not had parents willing to fight for him, he would probably have never left that back ward in North Carolina.

But the story is not over. Hugh, and many people like him, are able to lead full, productive lives, but these lives are often punctuated by periods of hospitalization. The delusional symptoms can reappear if medication is not taken properly. When this happened recently, he was admitted to one hospital but then discharged when he was still very delusional. The Washington police picked him up, and he was admitted to St. Elizabeth's Hospital. During his stay, he was not given the antipsychotic medicine, despite my own lengthy discussions with hospital officials and phone calls from the private physician who had prescribed them—as well as the intercession of an aide to an influential senator. Hugh was still delusional when he was released from St. Elizabeth's, and he walked seven miles to the house of a friend, who took him to another local hospital. From there he was transferred to a state hospital, where he was finally put on the proper medication. He is now making progress. He had spent six months bouncing from one hospital to another, a situation that makes recovery difficult, if not impossible. When he recovers, he will need help in getting a job and finding a place to live.

The best solution would be a half-way house, where he could get some support while once again starting on the road to a useful life. But there is no money for such services these days. I can't afford to pay his bills. I have two young children and expenses of my own. The support system he needs does not exist, and the funds to support those programs that *are* operating are rapidly disappearing. Families can't cope alone with mental illness, and the public sector is a shambles. "De-institutionalization" is in vogue, but usually there are no adequate community services to replace the institutions. For the mental patient, the alternative is too often just wandering the streets. ●

The Indian Summer of Carl Yastrzemski

An aging hero shows the Boston Red Sox how to go down with class

by John Eskow

The face is a harbormaster's face, or a potato farmer's, or a lobsterman's: sharp, prominent nose, articulate features, eyes meant for pinpointing danger. At 39, the body is aching but supple. As he enters the sepulchral clubhouse of the Boston Red Sox moments after their agonizing loss to the New York Yankees in the season-ending tie-breaker game, Carl Yastrzemski tokes hard on a Marlboro and sips from a paper cup of beer.

This afternoon, he made the last out of the season. It hurts to make the last out of a pickup whiffleball game at a picnic; this last out may have ended Yastrzemski's fondest dream. The one-game shoot-out came down to one pitch, and Yastrzemski lost. Now he stands red-eyed in a crowd of oddly silent reporters. Around him, the other players—knowing the season is over—still don't want to shower and change. They sit motionless in their uniforms, some crying, some immobile with grief.

First baseman George Scott sits at his locker, packing his bats into a duffel bag. A sportswriter approaches with a timeworn question: "George, is it going to be a long winter for you, looking back at what might have been?"

Scott is a huge, warm-hearted man, but he's been pushed to the edge of his gentleness. "Long winter?" he says. "I figure it'll go like November, December, January, 'less they puttin' some new months on the calendar they ain't told me about. Be about as long as ev'y otha winter. What kinda fool question is that?"

Across the room, pitcher Bill Lee shakes his head. "If the fans could've held off yelling, 'Yankees suck,' just one more inning, I think we might've won it."

Yastrzemski drags on his cigarette and then clears his throat. As he stands in the heat of the TV lights, the streaks of shoe polish under his eyes—painted there to cut the glare of the afternoon sun—begin to melt. His whole speech is a fight against tears.

"My insides are a bunch of knots. Defeat is heartbreaking, there's no way around it." He stares at the ceiling, then sighs explosively. "In a couple of weeks I guess I'll work it out. Right now I'm still numb.

"This year we had three months of joy, one month of frustration and then a great comeback, and then . . . I'll just remember the last week of the season—knowing you could not lose one game, and not losing." A few minutes later he succumbs and cries softly.

At 39, most ballplayers are warming the bench, coaching third base or opening bars called The Bat 'n' Glove. But in the late summer of 1978, Carl Yastrzemski, the team captain, sparked the Red Sox with key hits and miraculous catches, in open defiance of nature.

"He wants to win so much, the captain," said Jerry Remy, Boston's gifted second baseman. "More than any of us." Remy uses the term "captain" with reverence, as do many of the younger players, who see themselves as first mates to Yastrzemski. "You know how you pretend you're a major league star when you're a kid, playing stickball in the street?" Remy said. "Yaz hit .450 on my street one year—every time I swung, it was for him, so he got a lot of hits. And now I'm two lockers away from him."

The captain's dream is to win the World Series, and his desire is fueled by past frustrations. Twice in his career, in 1967 and 1975, he led the Sox into the last game of the Series, and twice he lost.

Near the end of this season, he was asked about reports that he's obsessed with the championship. His silence was so long it seemed he would never answer. He flicked ashes from this thermal underwear, studied his uniform and finally spoke.

"Playing this long, you'd like to be able to say 'I played on a World Champion once.' After it's over. Just once . . . All my All-Star rings have been given away, passed on to friends and relatives. But that's one ring I'd keep." Thirty seconds later, still peering into his locker, he added quietly: "Yeah, I'd keep that one."

For most of the year, it seemed he would get one. With slugger Jim Rice powering home runs out of tiny Fenway Park, Yastrzemski hitting at a .300 clip and the whole team playing impeccable defense, the Red Sox built a 14-game lead over the seemingly neurasthenic Yankees. And then, in late August, came the slump.

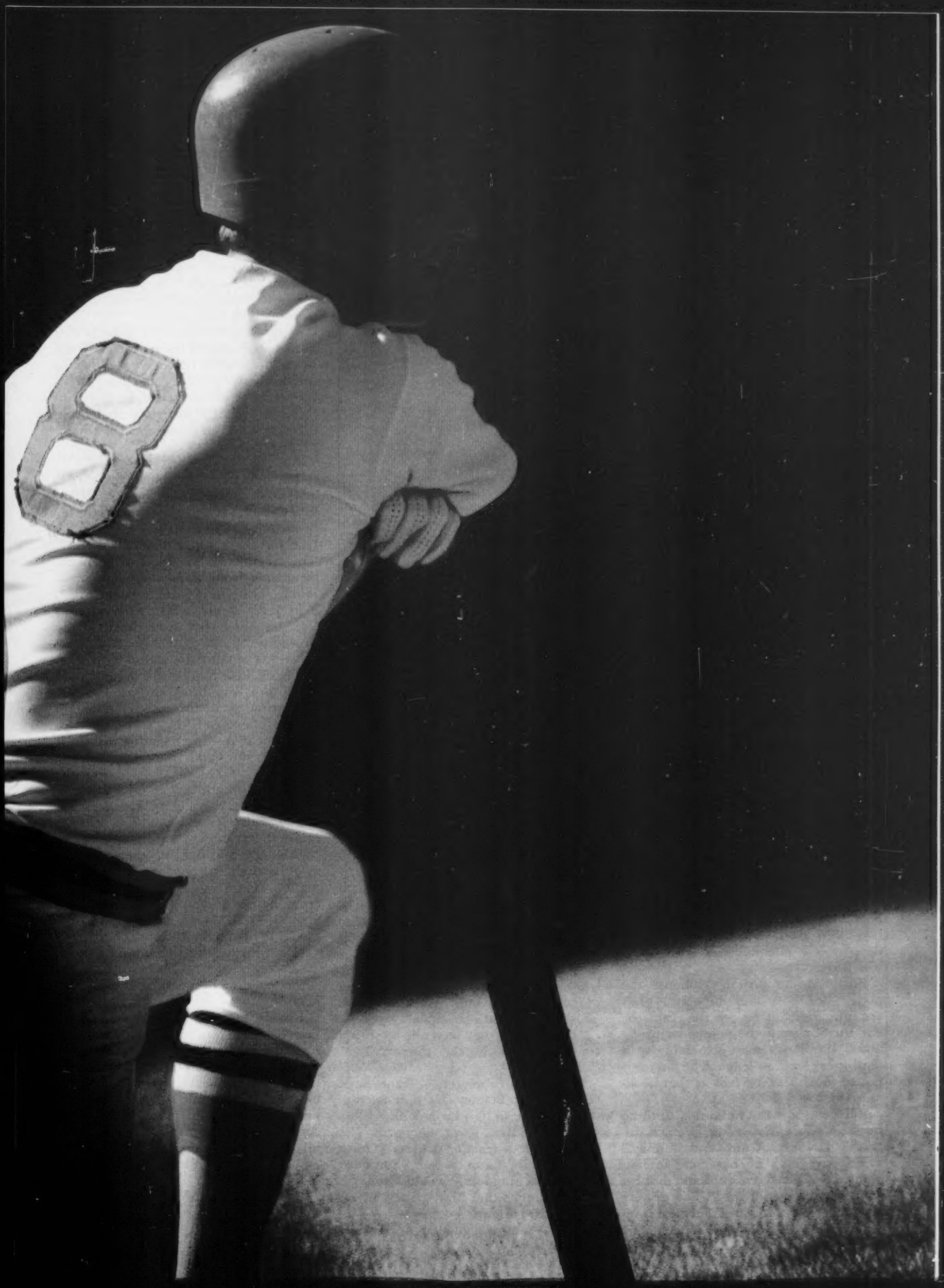
The Slump. One of the most awesome nose dives in sports history. For nearly a month, the Red Sox resembled a municipal softball team well into its third keg of draft. They stranded runners, threw balls into the stands and dropped pop flies—playing, as Yastrzemski reportedly told them, "like horseshit."

At the nadir of their season, he called a rare team meeting. "I kept it short and simple," he recalls. "I said, 'We've had some injuries, but let's play our best and not alibi. If we're gonna go down, let's go down with class.'"

Yastrzemski is plain-spoken by nature, but eloquent in gesture. He showed what he meant by "going down with class" in a play he made against the Yankees during the slump. Late in one game, with the Sox hopelessly behind, he raced into the left-field corner for a line drive. He dove full length, skidding ten feet on his belly, and made the catch where others might have just played it safe—all this while suffering from muscle spasms in his lower back. One does not throw a pain-wracked 39-year-old body headfirst into the dirt with impunity. But the agony could be tolerated; abject surrender could not.

Perhaps inspired by Yastrzemski's heroics, the Red Sox soon began to win again. They whittled down the Yankee

Photographs by Tim Carlson



lead from three and a half games to one. In the last week of the season, they were suddenly back in a pennant race, and Yastrzemski had one more shot at a World Series ring.

Yastrzemski's season didn't produce the dazzling statistics of his youth: In 1967, for example, he won the Triple Crown—one of the game's rarest achievements—by leading the league in home runs (44) batting average (.326) and runs batted in (121). In 1977, he played the entire season without making a single error in left field, and six times in his career he has hit better than 300.

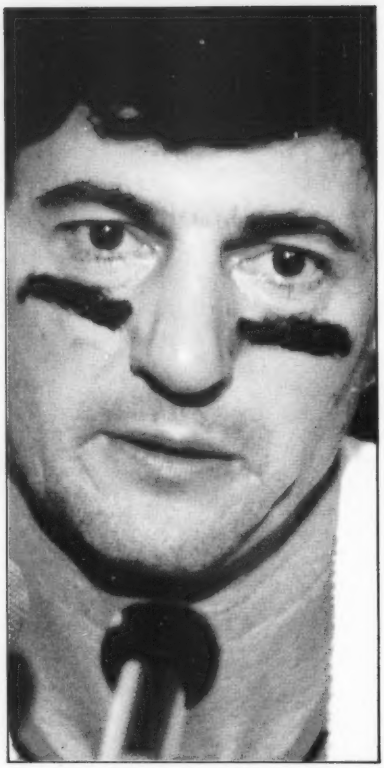
In 1978, he finished at .277, with 17 home runs. But he led the league in what baseball observers are wont to call "the intangibles." In a way that transcends statistics, Yastrzemski had his most memorable season. As Toronto pitcher Tom Murphy says, "The wonderful thing about Yaz is that he's thirty-nine going on twelve. And forget statistics—most pitchers will tell you that Carl is still the greatest clutch hitter in the league."

More than other games, baseball gives its players space—both physical and emotional—in which to define themselves. Oddly enough, in his years of stunning numbers, Yaz remained enigmatic, accused by some fans of not caring enough. But this year, as he played against pain, frustration, the Yankees and his own age, Yastrzemski was something to watch. Long after he retires, the enduring image of Yaz will be the Indian Summer he enjoyed in the pennant race of 1978.

The Sox are playing the Detroit Tigers tonight, with five days left in the season and the Yankees still a game ahead. There are squalls in the Atlantic, and the stormy air whips the centerfield flag. Yaz stands in left, in the small green port that is Fenway Park, at the station that's been his for 18 years. In the ninth inning, with the tying run on base for Detroit, he races in to make a tumbling catch of a dying line drive. Somersaulting to his feet, he holds the ball aloft, as if he's retrieved it from deep water. The Red Sox hang on to win, 5 to 2.

But inside the Boston clubhouse, the players feel sore and impotent. They are winning, but so are the Yankees, and the Sox sense the pennant slipping away. It's like a man scrabbling at a tenth-story window ledge: The horror is not so much that he falls as that he almost doesn't.

Bill Lee spins the radio dial until he finds an appropriate song, Warren Zevon's "Lawyers, Guns and Money." "That says it," Lee observes, singing along: "Send lawyers, guns and money/ Dad, get me out of this." The players shower and dress quietly. The next song on the radio is Bonnie Bramlett's version of "Can't Find My Way Home."



Post-Game Fatalism: "Aaah. . . You wonder if it was meant to be"

Yastrzemski sits in front of his locker, inhaling a cigarette, despite severe bronchitis. (His chain-smoking is a trade-off — nicotine for hysteria.) Though the spasms in his back—which until recently forced him to play in a corset—have subsided a little, he's enduring pain that would put younger men in bed. To ease his tension, he enters a razzing contest with pitcher Luis Tiant on the subject of old age.

"You the old man on this club," says Tiant, in a heavy Cuban accent.

"Bullshit," Yaz says. "Your birth certificate is a joke—it may say you're thirty-seven, but you're fifty. Who checked those records back in Cuba in the twenties?"

"Hey, Yaz, I be pitcheen for ten year while you are sitteen aroun' with you grancheeldren. I send you a postcard, let you know what's goeen on."

"Ten years? You'll be senile by spring training. Look in the mirror, Luis. You're *old*."

"Looks don' matter," Tiant says. "Look at Bob Stanley. He only twenty-three, but he so ugly he look ninety."

Yaz's face splits in a craggy grin. The clubhouse is a feast of dialects—Ozark twangs, wide Latin vowels, Southern drawls and mumbles. Yaz talks in nasal, staccato bursts that hint vaguely of his Long Island origins.

"This joking is a good sign," he says, as two infielders cackle over a copy of *Hustler*. "It was quiet in here when we were losing. We started trying too hard, playing out of desperation. There's a fine line between being keyed up and desperate. That's where I want to be."

And that's where he is. After years of playing in a high mania—he would bust up clubhouses, shatter bats, cover home plate with dirt to protest a called strike—he's now steady enough to be captain.

"Yaz reminds me of John Wesley Hardin, the outlaw," says Ken Harrelson, a Red Sox broadcaster and former teammate of Yastrzemski's. "Wes Hardin was a quiet man, the most feared gunman because of his great cool—he'd never draw wild, but he was known as the quickest. See, Yaz is the dead opposite of most people. He's uptight *until* the moment of crisis, until something extreme must be done, then he lowers his metabolism."

The next day, Yastrzemski spends the afternoon at New England Rehabilitation Center, receiving treatments for his bronchitis—"They put this mask on my face and shoot a mist down my throat." The treatments, intended to keep the bronchitis from worsening into pneumonia, last three hours. Second baseman Jerry Remy, who clearly idolizes Yaz, has somewhat misunderstood the procedure.

"Hey, Captain," he shouts to Yaz in the clubhouse before the game, "they pump out your lunch this afternoon?" Yaz grins as Remy answers a make-believe phone call. "No, sorry, the captain's not in now, he's getting his lunch pumped out and his lungs pulled apart."

As baseball appears to be a game of pauses, Yaz seems a man of silences. He begins most sentences with a silence, ends others that way; they may occur in midthought and last thirty seconds, but as in baseball, the pauses contain information. He forges a homely poetry from silences and bursts of speech. I ask about his son Mike, a switch-hitting outfielder in high school.

"I've heard your son is a hot prospect now."

Yaz narrows his eyes. "A chance," he says.

Unable to look interviewers in the face, he stares into his locker as if awaiting instructions from his uniform. He rubs his face as he ponders a question; his cheeks are flecked with white stubble, like grains of salt, and the skin of his neck is tucked into folds. The silence continues. Yaz seems to be contemplating the idea of "going down with class," and one wonders if he knows the source of his great pride.

"It's just something inside you. I always wanted to play, always knew I could play." Silence.

In a time when many sports heroes seem to double as their own flacks, Carl Yastrzemski maintains the cool distance that gives birth to mystery. He comes by his reserve naturally. The son of a Bridgehampton, Long Island, potato farmer, he was raised in rural isolation, learning self-reliance early. And he was a physical child prodigy, a Mozart on the ball field. His father, Carl, Sr., saw the boy's potential and put it to work, pitching to him until his hands were sore from hitting.

"Whenever we played stickball," recalls Bill DePetris, a childhood friend, "Carl was the best, and he'd always pretend he was Ted Williams." By the time he was 17, major league scouts were flocking to watch him play and filing delirious reports to their teams. "He had a beautiful, beautiful stroke," says Frank "Bots" Nekola, the scout who eventually signed Yaz for the Red Sox, "almost like the stroke he has now. He had big hands from doing all that potato farming, and my God, he had such *desire*!"

Living close to New York, Yastrzemski at first hoped to play for the Yankees. They offered him a bonus of $40,000 to sign, but the figure was summarily rejected by his father, and Yaz ultimately signed with the Red Sox for $100,000. The size of the bonus earned him the nickname "Cash" from envious teammates.

Nekola remembers bringing his young prize to Fenway Park for the first time. He even recalls the date—November 28, 1958—and the story indicates something of Yastrzemski's pride. "They drove up to Boston in the middle of this damn blizzard," the scout says. "It was dismal, snowing like hell, and Fenway Park was the last place in the world you'd try to entice anybody with." While Nekola waited nervously, the youngster trudged through the snow of the abandoned park. He studied the fences, then finally walked back to Nekola.

"I can hit in this ball park," he said.

If you were a kid in the winter of 1960, and you longed for a touch of spring, you could pick up a baseball magazine and dream. You could read about a rookie touted by insiders to be the next summertime hero, and study the phonetic spelling of his name—"Say: YUH-*STREM*-SKI."

By the age of 23, he was "Yaz," a brash, power-hitting major league star. But despite his success, he fought with the Boston fans; sometimes they booed him even when he hit a home run. The Red Sox were a comic opera of a team, and the brilliant kid showed his disdain by loafing and sulking.

At the height of his war with the fans, Yastrzemski made a theater event of his disdain. As the booing mounted one day, he suddenly dropped his glove and dramatically extracted two wads of cot-

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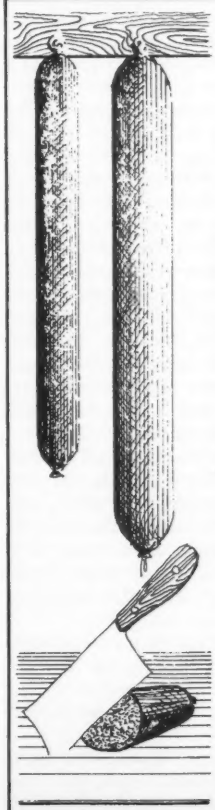

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The Artist as an Old Man: Yaz connects in the tie-breaker game

ton from his ears.

Who changed—the fans or Yaz? "Yaz changed," says Ken Harrelson. "Up until 1967, you'd see him dog it out there sometimes, not running out ground balls, going out of control emotionally." Photos from that era show him to resemble a young Phil Spector—big shades, thin lips, a face that could be stamped Early Ulcer Candidate. "He'd sit in the clubhouse perfectly still, then get up and walk around in a crazy little circle, then sit back down again," Harrelson says. "But in 'sixty-seven he got over the hump. He proved to *himself* that he could maintain control under pressure—the hell with the fans. It's like a chain-smoker giving up cigarettes: Who else gives a shit? Nobody. But *he* does, and other people respond to the change in him."

"The fans changed," Yaz says. "They wanted me to be 'the new Ted Williams,' and I wanted to be myself. Fans in this town can go a little overboard." A typical Yaz understatement—Boston fans rage, sputter and adore, filling the radio talk shows with an awesome volume of displaced passion. "But I changed, too. I started to realize that baseball was not a life-or-death matter." This realization was deepened, he has said, by the recent death of his mother, and shows itself now as enhanced creativity on the field, a youthful exuberance.

Suddenly, a sun-weathered man of 59, his light step belying his thickening body, strides up to Yastrzemski's locker. He cups Yaz's head in his huge left hand and extends his right in greeting. It is Ted Williams, the finest hitter in baseball history and Yaz's shadow-predecessor in left field for Boston.

Eighteen years ago today, in his final time at bat, Ted Williams homered off Baltimore's Jack Fisher. Then he made way for Yastrzemski, with a prediction that the rawboned kid of 21 would be heir to the Williams greatness. It was a prophecy that sat like a curse on the young man's head, blurring his own identity for years to come. "I never wanted to be the next Ted Williams," Yaz often said, until he was sure he was perceived as himself. Now he smiles with delight at the old man's touch.

"Jesus, Yaz," Williams shouts as they shake warmly, "they got those old photos of you plastered up in the office, with your ears sticking out—you shouldn't let them show ugly pictures like that." Williams has flown to Boston from a New Brunswick fishing vacation, a rare visit, a gesture of support.

Yaz laughs off the insult and feigns sincerity, already preparing his response.

"Say Ted, was the sea pretty choppy up there? Get a lot of high water?"

"Oh, yeah," says Williams, "real high. How'd you know?"

"Well, from looking at those pants," says Yaz, pointing to the baggy gabardines that are too short by three inches, "I'd say you were expecting a flood!" The players in attendance erupt in laughter as Williams stares down wide-eyed at his cuffs. Yaz scans the room to catch appreciative nods for this verbal sucker punch—one of the few times he attempts eye contact. Obviously not an instinctive comic, he's only accepted this patrimony of insult and jive recently, and he revels in each success he scores.

Williams, once legendary for his arrogance, tugs sheepishly at the lapels of his ill-fitting jacket.

"You wanna see class, Ted?" the captain asks, using the word so often used to describe both men. "Here's class." He reaches into his locker and grabs a pair of Levis worn down to a silky consistency. But Williams, once so graceful in uniform, still pulls awkwardly at his clothes.

"Dammit, Yaz," he frowns, "now they're gonna *print* that shit."

That night, in Boston's game with Detroit, Jim Rice hits a home run into the teeth of a north wind, and the Red Sox win, 1–0. Late in the game, with the tying run on base for Detroit, Yaz saves the victory by catching a fly ball off the wall and firing it to home plate before the runner can score. After he's watched the play conclude, Yaz turns and stares at the spot where the ball hit, recording its angle of deflection in his mind.

"Playing the wall" is one of his specialities. The wall—known throughout the league as the "Green Monster"—looms 37 feet above the field, and Yaz catches balls off it with a pool shark's eye for caroms. He knows every rivet, dead spot and bump, and stands there waiting for the ricochet, confident, his back to home plate. It's one of the vivid images of the man, one reason why he's known as the best left fielder in the game.

The Red Sox win, but the Yankees beat the Toronto Blue Jays, and Boston is "running out of space," says manager Don Zimmer.

"We shouldn't even be in this situation," says George Scott, sitting naked on a stool after the game. "That lead, fourteen games—it went so damn quick, man."

There are many theories for the Red Sox collapse. Yastrzemski holds the Injury Theory—seven of the nine Boston starters were hurt within the past month. Shortstop Rick Burleson, not widely regarded as a mystic, has begun to wonder if "fate" ordained the swoon. As usual, Bill Lee has a theory:

"There's a religious element to it. The economic and corporate level of society works by one clock. Baseball and nature—which to me are synonymous—work on a different clock, without numbers. When you tamper with that natural clock, as the ownership of this club

has done, you upset very delicate psychological rhythms. Look, the ivory-billed woodpecker eats the soft-backed grub in order to keep the pine tree healthy. When you introduce a pesticide you kill the grub, but you also kill the ivory-billed woodpecker and eventually the pine tree. The pesticide here is the practice of doing things solely for economic gain. And it's too bad, because the Red Sox were a good pine tree."

One doesn't test such hypotheses on Carl Yastrzemski. But as the reporters gather around his locker, I ask him if, like Burleson, he believes in fate. He stares into his locker for 20 seconds.

"I believe," he finally says, "in Cleveland scoring more runs than the Yankees." He says it with a Gary Cooper terseness, then breaks into his incandescent smile.

A few moments later, his bronchitis acts up, and he fights to control a coughing jag. Twenty feet away, third-base coach Eddie Yost watches in concern. Yost, a scrubbed and avuncular man, represents an odd fact of baseball: In what other field do former workers, forcibly retired, haunt the places where they once knew youth? Yost's playing career spanned 17 years, and as we discuss Yastrzemski's age, I ask Yost how a ballplayer knows his time is up.

Yost sighs, still wistful, 16 years after the fact. "I'd hit a fly ball, and I *knew* it was a home run, *knew* I'd gotten all of it. But somehow it would be caught on the warning track." The memory still hurts, and we shift back to Yaz. One doesn't want to see him go out like Willie Mays, stumbling in the outfield, fooled by feeble pitches. "It won't happen to Yaz," Eddie Yost says. And I remember a conversation from the day before.

"To play two more years is very realistic," Yastrzemski told me. "Three years is realistic if I have no major injuries. But I'll know when my reflexes go, when I can't get around on a fastball. Suddenly I'll say to myself, 'Shit, they're gone.' You have to be honest with yourself. Statistics are beside the point. Years I hit .290, I batted much better than years I hit .320. Line drives get caught, bloop hits fall in. With statistics, there's luck involved. With reflexes, there's no luck. I'll let my reflexes tell me when to quit."

And I think of something Ken Harrelson said: "Carl's no great brainchild, but he's got a genius for exercising common sense."

By Saturday, it is beginning to seem like a deathwatch on the Charles. Night after night, the Red Sox win, and the Yankees stay one game ahead; night after night, the crowd is like 30,000 rejected lovers sitting by the phone, waiting for a call they know won't come. With each new run posted for the Yankees, the crowd essays a boo, but it comes out a wounded "oooh." Despite the Red Sox resurgence, the fans seem dazed. In defeat, they had the solace of complete despair. Now, so achingly close, they root timidly, deprived of the chance to exult or vilify. The pressure shows as players snap at each other; only a handful of Red Sox escape the anxiety. Yaz sits in cut-off thermal underwear, nibbling at his lower lip. He is asked if the pressure is getting to him.

Silence.

"There shouldn't be any pressure in a pennant race. You should enjoy it. My first six years here, I played on teams that finished thirty to forty games out of first place—*that's* pressure. In a pennant race, you can play at a higher level, you can go beyond yourself. When you're forty games out and make a great catch, who cares? It won't have the same meaning. Nothing you can do will have much meaning. Knowing that is the worst pressure of all."

Yastrzemski is the prototypical "money player," wise in the mysteries of adrenaline, right at home in chaos. On the field, he shows no sign of feeling pressure; but sitting here, biting his lip, he seems in the grip of it. "I always feel tense right before a game—that's the time to feel tense. When the game starts, I relax." A few nights ago, in Toronto, reliever Balor Moore threw two fastballs at his head, sending him sprawling in the dirt. Then he got up and hit a triple.

"What did you feel the other night after you got knocked down?"

For a change, Yaz answers quickly.

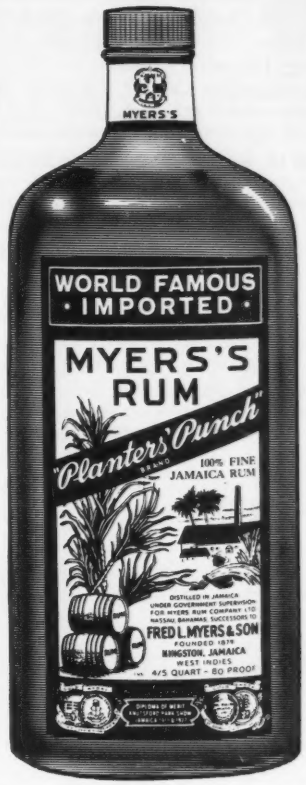
"Nothin'. Just got up and kept looking for the slider."

No emotion?

"No emotion. Maybe that's because I never got hit bad. My reflexes bail me out."

Again, the torture: The Red Sox win, the Yankees win, and only a day remains. After the game, Bill Lee dresses slowly, weaving back and forth to a reggae tune. Butch Hobson, playing with constant agony from three bone chips in his elbow, massages the chips when he thinks no one is watching. And Luis Tiant... Luis Tiant is sweetly bizarre. Tomorrow he will pitch the last game of the regular season, the game on which everything depends, and today he is parading through the clubhouse dressed only in a blue vinyl pork-pie hat and ludicrous blue-denim boots, with a Havana clenched between his teeth. Like other costumes, a baseball uniform imposes certain stances on the wearer. Tiant, who on the field seems arrogant and menacing behind his Cuban Fu Manchu, is bald and pudgy and soft-voiced in the clubhouse. He promenades around as if his hat, boots and nudity were this year's Paris look.

Now he's confronted by Bob Stanley, the pitcher he called "ugly." The quote



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has been picked up in a local paper, and Stanley mock-glowers at Tiant. Pouncing on the moment, Yaz instigates a conflict that Tiant sheepishly tries to resolve. "Hey man," Tiant says to Stanley, "we was talkeen about you body, man, we was no talkeen about you face." Yaz cracks up. This steady flow of insult is a form of massage, the players kneading each other's psyches, with Yaz—nicknamed "Polack"—as the m.c. As the season ends, the clubhouse is a place of brief joys and black sulks; humor is a touchstone, a constant.

Yaz retreats to the trainer's room for treatment. Carlton Fisk, playing with a cracked rib, spits tobacco juice into a tray of sawdust. Luis Tiant finishes dressing, fitting a blue shirt and blue pants between the boots and hat. Reaching into his locker, he extracts his last piece of apparel—it seems to be a nickel-plated .45—which he tucks into the waistband of his pants.

The last day of the deathwatch dawns gray and melancholy. This is the last game of the regular season: Unless the Yankees lose and the Sox win, Yaz will lose his chance to win a World Series. By now the phrase "World Champions" has become a mantra for him. ("The Yankees are playing like World Champions." "If anyone had said at the beginning of the season we'd be this close to the World Champions, I'd have been happy.")

Today, the Sox must beat the Toronto Blue Jays, an expansion team: Over that game they have control. But somehow the Indians must beat the Yankees, who loom as invincible as movie zombies.

All of Boston seems to be "playing the scoreboard"—watching the New York score as if a steady gaze could affect it. Until that lovely Fenway anachronism, the hand-operated scoreboard, declares a Yankee loss, the Red Sox can't win the pennant. In the last few games, a people's network has sprung up in the bleachers, where radio signals are clearest: Long before the reporters in the press box get the Yankee score, it's been picked up on transistors and shouted from section to section, rows of people cheering or booing suddenly. Today, when the players arrive at the ball park, they find that the powers that control the scoreboard have not even posted the other games. Though a full schedule of contests will close out the season, in Fenway, there is only one Other Game.

"De-*cision* De-*termines* *Des*-tiny, fellas," the preacher says, giving Sunday morning homily in an impromptu chapel—the equipment room of the visitors' clubhouse. Bags of Louisville Sluggers, rolls of gauze and catcher's mitts are piled high around him in tiers, as are the players' suitcases, packed for the flight back to Toronto. A dozen young Blue Jays, looking quite like their namesakes, listen open-mouthed and wide-eyed to the locker-room evangelist. "Let me say that again—De-*cision* De-*termines* *Des*-tiny. Now boys, I don't want to scare you, but we may have another Lyman Bostock in this room." One blonde Jay seems ready to cry in fear at the mention of the recently murdered player. "I don't mean to say that you'll be shot as you leave the park. I just mean—we never know. And I'm just glad that two weeks before he passed, Lyman ordered my special cassette tape, explaining the New Testament, for just three dollars postpaid. I hope that the knowledge contained in that cassette, which comes with a personalized, pocket-sized edition of the New Testament, helped prepare Lyman for the afterlife into which he was so suddenly called. And if any of you boys would like this cassette with complementary New Testament, three dollars postpaid, you may let me know by simply lifting a finger as we now bow our heads to pray. De-*cision* De-*termines* *Des*-tiny."

One doesn't want to see Yaz go out like Willie Mays, stumbling in the outfield, fooled by feeble pitches

Out on the field, Yastrzemski stands in the batting cage, tamping down the dirt with his spikes, preparing to do whatever it takes. "Yaz is ready," says Ken Harrelson. "He's the only guy I know who, if you needed it—if you *really* needed it—could hit a six-run homer." It's an hour before game time as Yaz takes his swings, and right after he finishes, Toronto catcher Alan Ashby plays a cruel jape of youth on the 10,000 fans already in the park. Sneaking behind the manual scoreboard, he fiddles with the numbered plates, and when he steps away the score reads: CLEVELAND 8, NEW YORK 2. In reality that game has yet to begin. The crowd screams with joy, then lapses into sullen quiet as the truth becomes known.

But the Red Sox jump off to an early lead and, in the third inning, as Boston infielder Jack Brohamer settles under a Blue Jay pop fly, the people's network sends out a joyful bulletin: four runs for Cleveland! Both games play themselves out to their natural conclusions and, magically, the Red Sox have forced a tie-breaker.

Afterward, in the clubhouse, the players whoop it up as they peel off layers of underwear. Yaz splashes beer on teammates in the shower. Reporters struggle to pick out recognizable words from Luis Tiant's discourse: "We play for pride," he says, smoking a Kool *and* chewing a wad of tobacco. "People say we choke. We cho' dem we don' choke. If we don' win today, ain' no more. Losers don' go nowheres." In general, the reporters ask idiotic questions. Did you feel the pressure? Were you happy to be pitching? Baseball is too mystical to be codified in words.

The Red Sox threw music at the Blue Jays this weekend. Dennis Eckersley, in winning his 20th game yesterday, performed like a rock-and-roll pitcher—all fastballs, sweat-drenched hair and wild flourishes. And Tiant, who makes the simple act of releasing the ball into a shell game, throwing shoulders and elbows and feet everywhere, seemed like a salsa pitcher. ("I'd say a rhumba pitcher," Bill Lee says.) The Blue Jays were easy game for both men, the Indians justified Yastrzemski's faith, and now the Yankees and Red Sox must duke it out face to face.

Yaz emerges from the shower to face more pointless questions. He is smiling.

The tie-breaker, only the second in American League history (the first was in 1948), has the aura of a heavyweight fight. As the Red Sox take batting practice, reserve Yankee catcher Cliff Johnson saunters over to kibitz with George Scott, who stands in the cage.

"Yo, George."

"Hapnin', Cliff," Scott grunts as he swings. He does not look at Johnson, who seems bemused.

"Ain't you talkin' to me today, George?"

"No, Cliff," says Scott, lining a shot off the wall. "I'm *serious* today."

Moments later, Mickey Rivers stands watching Yaz take his cuts. The jive-talking center fielder is as far removed from Yaz as possible, yet he watches in fascination. Suddenly, a Yankee outfielder, Gary Thomasson, walks up to Rivers.

"Hey, pimp."

Rivers turns around. "Pardon me, dickhead, can I help you?"

"Pimp, I'm digging a pool back home. After I saw the Red Sox score yesterday, I got on the phone and hollered, '*Stop digging*!' Now I don't know if I can afford it."

"Don't worry, dickhead," Rivers assures him. "You'll be able to keep diggin' after today."

Thirty-three thousand people rise, applauding, as Yaz comes to bat in the second inning. He's facing the best pitcher in baseball, left-hander Ron Guidry, who has only surrendered one home run to a left-handed hitter all sea-

son. Yaz finds his balance, hoists the bat, squints out at Guidry. He gets an inside fast-ball and cracks it to right field—the ball rises, curves and hooks just inside the foul pole for a home run. He trots around the bases and returns to the dugout, where he's mobbed by teammates.

He'd been expecting the pitch. Yastrzemski is a modified "guess hitter," which means he anticipates a slider or fastball or curve and tailors his swing to meet it. Before the game, someone asked Yaz about guess hitting and he smiled. "I'm a think hitter," he said. And he'd just thought a home run into being.

The home crowd senses victory—you can tell because they start chanting "Yankees suck!"—but in the seventh, Yankee shortstop Bucky Dent strokes a three-run homer, and in the eighth, the hated Reggie hits a solo shot. Yaz counters in the bottom of the inning with a single, knocking in his second run of the game.

Then comes the ninth inning, the stuff of pulp epics. Down one run, the Red Sox have men on first and second with one out. As slugger Jim Rice steps up to bat, the crowd generates a Concorde roar. Yaz kneels in the on-deck circle, sifting dirt through gloved hands, studying the pitcher's motion, the sunny green field, the way the flag rustles softly in the wind.

The roar turns inside out, becoming a moan as Rice lifts a fly ball deep to right for the second out; then it evolves into a roar again as Yaz approaches the plate. In his mind, though, he hears only silence. "Total silence. Me and the pitcher. The crowd may be cheering or booing, for me it's as if they're not there. I analyze the situation, the pitcher's strengths, what he's likely to show me, and I concentrate." Carl Yastrzemski has come to bat more than 12,000 times in his career. To him, this is the most crucial time of all.

He walks slowly up to home plate with a pigeontoed stride, then bends at the waist and scoops up more dirt, weighing it with a contemplative air. Digging the spikes of his back shoe into the chalk edge of the batter's box, he shifts his weight from foot to foot, searching for the elusive balance, measuring home plate with his bat. When he's settled, he twirls his Louisville Slugger, 32 ounces of white ash, lightly, slowly. Rich Gossage, a powerful but erratic relief pitcher, raises his arm to deliver the ball.

"I saw a hole between the first baseman and second baseman," Yastrzemski says later, "and I wanted to drive a ground ball through it. I was looking for a fastball inside, and he threw it, knee-high and in. As it came towards me, I thought, 'This is what I wanted.'" The roaring fans are dead certain that Yaz, the greatest clutch hitter in baseball, will come through once again.

But something happens that Carl Yastrzemski, who has made a calculus of hitting, has not reckoned on. As he swings, the ball—moving at 95 miles per hour—swerves in suddenly toward his wrists. Instead of the desired hard single to right field, he pops up weakly to third base, where Graig Nettles catches it for the last out. The crowd remains standing, eerily silent, as Yastrzemski trudges back to the dugout, his summer over.

Afterward, in the hushed clubhouse, Yaz stands red-eyed under the lights, enduring an ordeal by interview. A reporter asks about the pitch he popped up.

"Just as I swung, the ball tailed in on me. It was a hell of a pitch...." He sighs again, crying lightly now, and stares up at the ceiling, a 39-year-old man. "I just wish it hadn't tailed in. Gossage's fastball is unpredictable, sometimes it tails away. This one"—a long pause—"tailed in. But you can't be cautious. You swing with one idea in mind. Aaah... You wonder if it was meant to be."

By the time he finishes answering questions, other players are saying good-bye for the year. From Yaz's locker you pick up wisps of his speech: "They played like World Champions.... This is a great bunch of guys. ... Next year, we're going to win it." In flannel shirts and jeans and boots, the players are now only men. Bob Stanley, the butt of the "ugly" joke, elbows his way through a crowd to say goodbye to George Scott. Stanley gave up the winning home run to Reggie Jackson, and now he's going home.

"See you next year, George, somewhere," he calls.

"Oh, ah'll be here, Bobby," Scott nods. "Ah see you here, don' worry 'bout that."

Bill Lee walks out of the Red Sox clubhouse, probably for the last time. (He has been feuding with management and will likely be traded.) He's carrying his glove—with a copy of *Dune*, the science-fiction novel, tucked into the webbing. He walks past the line of suitcases, packed for a trip to the play-offs in Kansas City, which now won't go there. "Does this mean we're not going anywhere?" he says to no one in particular.

Yastrzemski will mourn the Last Out for a while. Soon, though, he'll be fishing the waters off Boca Raton, and late in the winter, he'll begin working out with a weighted bat, swinging it hundreds of times a day. One hopes he'll remember his own words of a few days ago: "You don't always *make* an out. Sometimes the pitcher *gets* you out."

Next March he'll report to camp, ready to begin spring training, nearly 40. ●

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Melanie Mayron Is a Star in Spite Of Herself

The woman accustomed to playing best friends has become a leading lady (of sorts)

by Trucia Kushner

Movie stars, especially women, are getting to be more like you and me: women who can belch and get away with it. Shelley Duvall, Jill Clayburgh, Carol Kane and Sissy Spacek all play women who are flawed, fallible and funny. And in *Girl Friends*, Melanie Mayron takes this ordinary girl to a droll new plateau, playing a Sheila Levine type who gives up wanting to be Natalie Wood and becomes happy and confident being herself.

Strangely enough, this character seems to have evolved from television. It all began when nearly perfect Mary Tyler Moore was given a best friend, Rhoda, who was overweight but adorable. Rhoda dieted, got her act together and spun off into her own series. She then required a best friend, so they supplied her with an ascerbic teddy bear sister, Brenda. But Brenda lost weight and needed a buddy. The producer recalled a young actress who played the comic secretary in *Gable and Lombard* and hired her for the part. Her name was Melanie Mayron.

The 25-year-old actress is now an old hand at playing best friends, and in her first starring role she plays one again. Only this time *she*'s the one the movie is about. The character hasn't changed, but the emphasis has. In fact, the film ought to be called Girl *Friend* because it follows the struggle of zaftig Susan Weinblatt, a SoHo photographer, rather than that of her thin, blonde (WASP) roommate, who gets married and moves to the country. And it is the ideal vehicle for Mayron, who has consistently elevated schleppy ladies to a state of grace.

Her burnt-brown-sugar hair frames a comely heart-shaped face that ought to have freckles but doesn't. Wearing white, beige and chocolate baggy pants, shirt and vest, and picking absent-mindedly at the crepe soles of her beige suede Oxfords, you feel you are talking to Woody Allen and Diane Keaton combined in the same person.

While growing up outside of Philadelphia, Melanie marched in the school band and edited the high school paper. After graduation, she attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years, and then joined a touring company of *Godspell*. Paul Mazursky hired her to work in *Harry & Tonto*, and after that each project seemed to launch her onto the next.

Trucia Kushner gave up wanting to be Natalie Wood and has become happy about being Lillian Hellman or Sandra Dee.

"A lot of people didn't realize that the girl who played Ginger in *Harry & Tonto* and the suicidal hooker in *Hustling* and the cashier in *Carwash* were all the same actress," Mayron says. "So when Claudia Weil(producer-director) asked me to do a ten-minute film called *Girl Friends*, written by a woman (Vicki Polon), I figured, great, a small independent film, working with women, great. Yeah. If it'll get me in a position so they'll see me as a lead, then that's enough."

After five weeks of shooting in New York in 1975, Melanie returned to Hollywood and did *The Great Smokey Roadblock* starring Henry Fonda, and *Carwash*. Then the call came to return to New York to reshoot *Girl Friends* as a feature. "By that time I had sold some photographs for an album cover, and Anita Skinner, who plays my roommate Anne, had actually gotten married. I couldn't believe the way it all worked out. It felt so funny that first week of rehearsal meeting all the supporting characters. I kept thinking, God, I'm usually them coming in. I felt like I'd played everybody else in the movie but the person that has to sit there and carry the film."

Melanie has more in common with Susan Weinblatt than being a photographer. "When Susan says, 'I'm afraid of being left,' God, that's true. I've never lived with a guy, I guess because I'm afraid of losing my identity. If I give that much, will I lose me? I look around and see all these girls who are twenty-five and have been married or lived with someone for several years. I've just been going along on the career thing. When Susan says, 'I'm the biggest turtle I know,' that is really me."

Although some of Melanie's actress friends have had romances with Hollywood sex symbols, she casts herself in the role of the friend asking, "What's he really like?" "That's more my background than actually going out with one of them," she sighs.

Melanie's ingenuousness is a bit out of sync with the mores of contemporary film, in which nude scenes, no matter how innocent, are *de rigeur*. And even though she usually handles such a situation by pretending she's in the doctor's office, Melanie still gets giddy when she recalls a scene from *Carwash*. Playing Marsha, the cashier with the "best tits in the world," was something she was eager to do. "As soon as I read that line in the script," Mayron says, "I said, 'I'm going up for that part!'" But there was this ladies' room scene. "I had to drop my pants and sit down on this fake toilet," she says. "But if you're sitting on a

toilet without your pants on there's a Pavlovian response . . . I look over, and there is every driver, prop man, grip-camera technician and wino in L.A. staring at me. . . ." Melanie finally managed to do the scene (without peeing) on a closed set.

She lives in Hollywood, two blocks from Sam Goldwyn. "In L.A., who you live near says it all." She drives a blue VW convertible with the license plate, ON-DE-WAY, ordered in a moment of desperation. She doesn't play tennis, go to the beach, attend dance class or believe in est. She reads, writes, takes photographs and hangs out with friends who are mostly actresses and actors "on-de-way."

Melanie's a lot more confident in her own abilities than she was the first time she saw herself on screen. On that occasion, she flew to L.A. to attend the screening of *Harry & Tonto*, attended by such luminaries as Charlie Chaplin. "I thought I'd been real boring in the role. Then I saw the film and every expression in the book crossed my face. I started slinking down into my chair, thinking I must be out of my mind. I got some good laughs. My God, I thought, it's all there. Then the lights came up. People whispered, 'There she is.' I knew I'd just seen myself, but I forgot that twenty thousand other people just saw me too. People pointed at me. Then it dawned on me. 'Schmuck, that's you.'"

At the Cannes Film Festival last spring, where *Girl Friends* first caught the eye of Bobby Shapiro, a Warner Bros. executive, Melanie moped around before the screening feeling sorry for herself because nobody knew who she was. She used the opportunity to photograph the dogs of Cannes after spotting a poodle pinned to the floor beneath his mistress's stiletto heel. "I got lots of great pictures of dogs there," she says, "the kind you *know* have acupuncture."

Then she ran into her friend Carol Kane (*Hester Street*) and asked Carol to be her date for the Saturday night screening. ("I knew Alan Bates was not going to come in and save the day.") When the movie was over, all the people who had been watching Carol on the way in were staring at Melanie. Carol turned and said, "I'm impressed. I'm jealous. Melanie, you're a star." "It was really nice," Melanie says, breaking into a huge grin.

Her hardest year so far has been this last, waiting for *Girl Friends* to come out, being broke and losing three important roles. She fought depression by working on a film script with another actor and photographing head shots for actors' portfolios. "My agent would call me, not with acting assignments but with photo jobs. It was interesting because I was making money doing that and writing, and back in high school I wanted to be a photojournalist."

She hopes that her most recent film, a TV movie called *Centerfold* in which she plays the magician sidekick of a new Hollywood arrival, will be her last best-friend role. There's a good possibility, if history repeats itself. Recently, Melanie has lost a lot of weight and has even started wearing invisible braces. "You gotta take care of your problems," she asserts. "It'll go by real quickly, and then it will be solved." Then she whips on her grotesque night retainer and muses, "I can't exactly get into oral sex this way. No wonder no one wants to spend the night."

Now, with one script in second rewrite and several others in the idea stage, Melanie is thinking about directing. "I know a lot about photography, so, I mean, I don't think I'm being a big schmeer in saying I want to direct. I'll only do it when I'm ready. But I'm just tired of being the victim as an actor. Like last year, missing this role and not getting that because you're not apple pie enough or they're afraid to go with somebody like you because you may be an interesting choice but not a safe one. You just don't have any power. So if you have the ability to get some, then I say, 'Go for it, if that's what you want.'

Photograph by Melanie Mayron / John Kraus

Movies/by Richard Corliss

A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN

In a recent *New Yorker* column, Pauline Kael lamented that audiences are becoming sick of violence in American movies. Could be; I'd guess they're just getting bored. In the past decade—from *Bonnie and Clyde* to, say, *The Fury*—audiences have become too anaesthetized to be shocked. They flocked this summer to cuddly fare like *Grease* and *Heaven Can Wait* (and even the domesticated *Animal House*) to escape not just from reality but from the numbing carnage of violent movies. The only big summer moneymaker to feature extravagant physical action was *Hooper*, a comic valentine to stuntmen and special effects.

So what does it take these days to make an audience feel pain—to feel more than a Halloween jolt that can be laughed or cursed off in a second—and, more impressively, to share with a film's characters that disturbing evidence of our emotional vulnerability? For this jaded moviegoer, it took Ingmar Bergman's **Autumn Sonata**. No gun is fired; no pretty face gets puréed. But the film is so unrelenting, so harrowing, that I walked out of the theater on shaking legs. If you're open to the experience that Bergman means to provide, you may leave the film muttering a wrung-out "Whew!" followed quickly by an appreciative "Wow!"

After a dispiriting trip abroad to make *The Serpent's Egg* (chilly weather, touristy visits to decadent nightspots, undercooked food for thought), Bergman is back on solid, familiar ground. Though *Autumn Sonata* was shot in Norway, produced by a German company, exported through two French companies and "presented" by Sir Lew Grade (U.K.) and Martin Starger (U.S.), the film's language and feeling are Swedish, and pure Bergman. (The elaborate production and distribution arrangements seem to be the filmmaker's multinational joke on the Swedish revenuers who've been dogging him for the last few years.) In its themes and dramatic devises, *Autumn Sonata* represents a family reunion of sorts—a return to the parent-child traumas Bergman has examined in many of his best films. And in his casting of Ingrid Bergman as the focus of the tension, the filmmaker has made possible a union as historic as his direction (in *Wild Strawberries*, 1957) of a lovely performance by Victor Sjöström, the pioneering Swedish director who made his first film in 1912. Ingmar Bergman wrote the part for Ingrid, and she responded with the strongest and most controlled—most beautiful—performance of her film career.

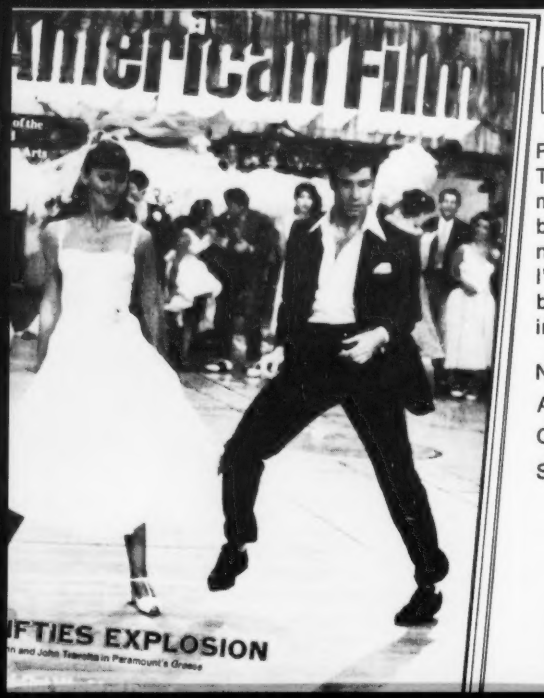
Liv and Ingrid in *Autumn Sonata*: Which one is the mother?

Ingrid Bergman left Stockholm for Hollywood in 1938. That same year, the 20-year-old Ingmar Bergman began directing amateur theatrical productions in Stockholm. By 1945, he had written and directed his first film, *Crisis*, about the fierce love-hate relationship between a young woman and the mother she hasn't seen for years. *Autumn Sonata* presents an identical situation; but the angry young Bergman of 1945 is a generation older now, with a masterly knowledge of his craft and himself. If he peels off the protective skins from his characters, it's to get at the heart of the matter. The procedure is simple: first, analysis, breaking down the characters until we and they are aware of every exposed nerve ending; then synthesis, the final furtive ray of hope, of belief in the healing power of love.

Bergman has returned often and profitably to the skeletons-in-the-family-closet drama—a genre most other filmmakers began ignoring as soon as the word got out that the notion of "family" was dead and parents were declared obsolete. In *Through a Glass Darkly* (1961), for example, he envisioned a family of four—a successful novelist who's spent most of his life in tortured selfishness; his daughter, a schizophrenic; her husband, a gentle but ineffectual physician; and her troubled teenage brother—who are scorched, and then purified, by the young woman's descent into visions of a demon God.

The religious symbols in *Through a Glass Darkly* are at times laughably laborious (the novelist repairs to his room to cry, and stretches out his arms in a crucifixion pose), and the final revelation that "God is love" seems a conclusion that would fit a homily better than a movie. But Bergman's artistic and emotional conviction give the film a kind of holy passion, and Harriet Andersson's performance is one of the most luminous in modern cinema. However skeptical you may be about Bergman's philosophy and theology, you'll nonetheless admit that he's a peerless director of actors—partly because he has worked so long and closely with an exceptional company of Scandinavian actors, and partly because his scripts are filled with meaty, actable roles.

Autumn Sonata casts the *Glass* family in a different light: brighter, harsher, hotter and, ultimately, warmer. This family quartet consists of Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), a successful concert pianist; her daughter, Eva (Liv Ullmann); Eva's husband Viktor (Halvar



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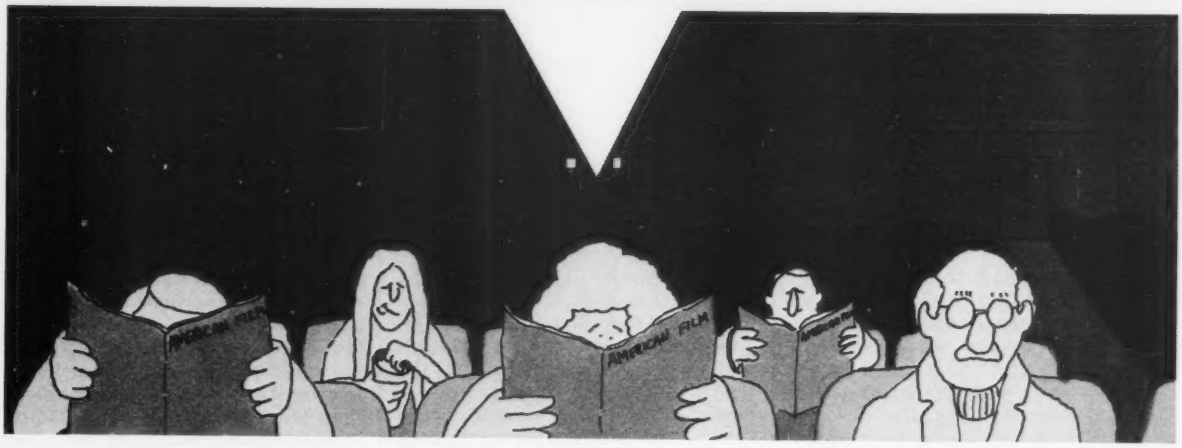

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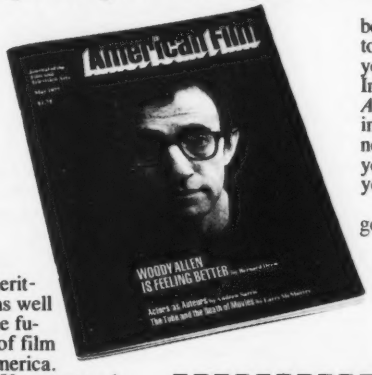

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Björk), a gentle but ineffectual country parson; and Charlotte's other daughter, Helena (Lena Nyman), crippled with a degenerative muscular disorder. Both films are "chamber plays": only four speaking parts, a brief space of time (a day or so) and what amounts to a single set. Both films also adapt the sonata form to film: exposition, development, recapitulation and (hopeful) coda. *Through a Glass Darkly* was dedicated to Käbi Laretei, a renowned pianist and, at the time, Bergman's wife; it is she who "doubles" for Ingrid Bergman's playing of a Chopin Prelude that, a half-hour into *Autumn Sonata*, sparks the terrible rancor between mother and daughter.

All seems to have gone fairly well up to this moment. If there's an undercurrent of tension, it's understandable: Charlotte hasn't seen her daughters for years, and she's surprised and angry to discover that Helena, whose illness she'd just as soon forget, is living with Eva and Viktor. The tone of the early scenes is one of indulgent, autumnal comedy: the whirlwind mama talking nonstop to her children and, when she's alone, to herself; daughter Eva predicting what dress mama will wear to dinner, and remarking that mama's insomnia is nature's way of exhausting her vast stores of nervous energy; the son-in-law pulling on his pipe and clucking wryly. In these scenes, Bergman shows a flair, rarely evident before, for gentle domestic ironies—the frilly white lies people tell each other to get through the day. It will take something else to get this family through the night.

The old pro (Charlotte) asks the amateur pianist (Eva) to play something. Eva has already been so intimidated by her mother's radiant presence that she's taken on the slouch, unflattering glasses and pathetic smile of a Swedish Agnes Gooch; now she galumphs through Chopin's Second Prelude, virtually paralysed by the nearness of a demanding artist who is also her perfectionist mother. As Liv Ullmann plays the piano, Ingrid Bergman plays another finely tuned instrument: her aging but still handsome face. Charlotte is moved to tears by her daughter's attempt to please (compete) and by her own need, when Eva is done, to teach (humiliate). Now Charlotte gives her lecture-demonstration. "It should sound almost ugly.... It hurts, but he doesn't show it.... The pain returns. But always very restrained." And as Charlotte plays, Eva's innocent putty-face is petrified into a sneer of hatred for her mother's talent to abuse. At this moment, Eva looks very like her poor, sick sister. Bergman shoots this virtuoso scene in tight close-up and a few long takes, forcing us to concentrate on the eloquent music and the faces that speak of the familial bonds of love and pain.

THE QUEEN MOTHER

Disappointment makes its way across Ingrid Bergman's face. It is a 63-year-old face that looks 53, even without make-up, even with a frown. The television set in her New York hotel suite is doing the vertical hop, hopelessly aborting her attempt finally to see her daughter, journalist Pia Lindstrom, in color on NBC's six o'clock news show. Her smile returns at the mention of her grandchildren; she has just spent the afternoon with them, trying to learn Monopoly and to fly wooden gliders.

She takes evident delight in these latter-day maternal efforts, ineffectual though they may be. After all, Ingrid Bergman used to be a queen. *Casablanca, Gaslight, Spellbound, Notorious,* —crown jewels of the 1940s screen. Today, however, in her denim slacks and brown espadrilles, she exudes not majesty, but motherhood.

Just so. In Ingmar Bergman's new film, *Autumn Sonata*, Ingrid plays Liv Ullmann's mother. The movie explores the mother-daughter relationship, particularly the pain produced by a traveling, working mother, a concert pianist in this case.

Ingrid Bergman willingly admits the resemblance between the character she plays and herself. Clearly, it contributed to the power of her extraordinary performance. Sipping a vodka and tonic, she says her close friends feel "that this is not acting—that this is me. Of course a lot of it is what I have lived through." Although she doesn't believe people are as cruel as Ingmar Bergman's characters—"and I don't think my children [she has four] hate me quite so much"—she remembers vividly "the kind of guilt we've all felt.... God, how many scenes I've gone through, when they hang around your neck and you take them and throw them away and run out because you'll never make that plane..."

Even today, though Ingrid is obviously happy to see her family, she has come to New York for her career, to dub *Autumn Sonata* into English.

For the first time, Ingmar Bergman will be helping with the dubbing of one of his films. He agreed to do so only at Ingrid's insistence. (Ingrid and Liv had suggested doing the film in English from the start; but Ingmar balked, possibly because of last year's disastrous reception of the English-language *Serpent's Egg*.) The aggravations of lip sync loom large in Ingrid's mind today, made larger by Ingmar's obsession with close-ups. She expects the coming week to be "murder."

Actress Bergman met director Bergman 13 years ago in Paris. They discussed making a film together, but soon thereafter Ingmar became head of the Swedish national theatre, and Ingrid had to be content with his penned promise, "I will remember your movies, written *in fire on my forehead.*" When she saw him in Cannes a decade later, she handed him a copy of his letter with the added note, "I just want you to look at the date, the letter is ten years old." Two years later, Ingmar presented Ingrid with her long-awaited role.

"Ingmar, you're going to lose me all my fans, *all my fans,*" she remembers fretting.

"I'll get you *new* ones," he replied.

"And I suppose he did," she says now, pleased but not fully convinced. "I suppose he did."

Ingrid Bergman has not had a starring role in a major film in 20 years, not since *Inn of the Sixth Happiness* (which, she reports, is as much a cult film in England as *Casablanca* is here). She remains entranced by the old Hollywood, and self-confident of her fabled place in its firmament; yet she is seemingly ignorant of the new, an outsider with few expectations and little influence. "I can't go to somebody and say, 'Write a movie for me....' That was the old days."

Bergman rarely sees new American films (she considers them much too violent), and though she quickly mentions Zeffirelli and Fellini as two directors she would love to work with, she is hard-pressed to come up with Americans. "I worked with so many good people here, but I don't know the new directors." After a long pause, "Woody Allen" tumbles from her lips. And then, between laughs, "I don't think I'm his cup of tea."

Ingrid Bergman is not sorry to be 63; she regrets only that there are few starring roles for a woman her age. "If I were strong enough, I should say this is my last movie. I started in *Intermezzo*, a Swedish movie in which I played a pianist, and now, forty years later, I come back and play a pianist, and it's a Swedish movie. This should be the end, it really should be, if I was strong enough.... I've done my cameo bit in *Murder on the Orient Express* and I don't want to do another one. After *Sonata*, a role has to be awfully good."

Even if it means waiting another 13 years? She laughs. "I'll be an old witch by then."

Ingrid Bergman? Never.

— Barbara Milstein

Often during the film, roles in this mother-daughter act are switched. That night, Eva plays the reproachful mother putting her whining child (Charlotte) to bed. If Eva sees her sister Helena as a wounded daughter needing equal portions of care and condescension, and Charlotte as a mischievous daughter needing a good slap to shake the pride out, it may be because Eva feels she must atone for *her* mother's negligence, and because her own child, four-year-old Erik, died in an accident a few years before. Eva often sits alone in Erik's room, reliving the only happy childhood she's known, and imagining that her son is alive now in "a world of liberated feelings"—a heavenly reward for her wonderful son and for her own sad-child self.

The two women meet later that night, after Charlotte has been awakened by a nightmare; Eva comes to see about her. They start reminiscing—and all hell breaks loose. The second half of the film is the neglected daughter's revenge and assault on the mother to whom she has never before dared to speak her hatred. Eva sits at the dining-room table, a childlike milk mustache of red wine on her upper lip, and empties a catalog of lifelong frustrations and resentments on her mother's head. Eva holds Charlotte responsible for her own misery and even for Helena's illness. "I realize now you made life hell for Papa and me," Eva says. "I couldn't hate you, so my hatred was turned into an insane fear. I bit my nails. I tore out my hair. I thought I was going crazy.... The mother's failure is to be paid for by the daughter. The mother's unhappiness becomes the daughter's unhappiness. But is the daughter's failure the mother's triumph?... People like you are a menace. You should be locked away and rendered harmless."

The flashbacks illustrating these memories are stylized enough—austere psychological family tableaux as carefully composed as Degas' *The Bellelli Family*—for us to be tempted to doubt their veracity, or at least the intensity of their tone. Charlotte may have been a monster mother; Eva may have been an insecure, hypersensitive child. It hardly matters: The imagined memory, and the venom it evokes, are as painful to both women as a migraine headache. It's not until the end of the film that Bergman releases them (and us) from the grip of this animosity. When he cuts away from their fighting, it's not to show us, say, Eva's husband Viktor smiling ruefully—putting a family feud into perspective for the viewer—but to reveal Helena, struggling pathetically in her bed, and falling out of it. At that moment, Charlotte is begging Eva's forgiveness. But Eva won't grant her mother that consoling caress; and Charlotte can't hear her other daughter calling for her.

Autumn Sonata's first and last scenes are of Eva, working at her desk, framed by the living-room door; her husband Viktor stands outside the frame, talking to us about his quiet, tormented wife. Viktor is warm and caring and unable to help—only to hope. Eva comes to him at the film's end and hands him a letter to mail to Charlotte. As he reads it, Eva's voice comes on the sound track, apologizing to her mother and vowing to do anything to bring them closer together. "I'm going to persist," Eva says, "even if it's too late. I hope it's not too late. It must not be too late." As we hear Eva's words, we first see Viktor's face as he reads the letter, then Eva's face as she speaks it, and then Charlotte's face as she reads it. At the end of the letter, we see Viktor's face again and realize that the film was showing us, not Charlotte's understanding of her daughter's plea, but Viktor's hope for that understanding.

It's the most tentative of hopes. It's nothing as simple as "God is love." It suggests only that people—especially family members—would rather love than hate each other, because the absence of some spark of communion can provoke a pain deeper than any Hollywood decapitation. When Ingmar Bergman hones in on a truth as direct as this, and dramatizes it with characters as strong and complex as the ones in *Autumn Sonata*, the result is a stunner. And with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann working with him at top pitch and form, he found the ideal collaborators to bring this intelligent, blistering psychodrama to life. It may have been a disappointing movie year up to now, but at least we have a beautiful *Autumn*.

Bloodbrothers. How Times Change Dept: The last time Robert Mulligan directed a movie about working-class Italians in New York (*Love with the Proper Stranger*, 1964), the family was so poor—and so old Hollywood—that their bathroom had no toilet. Mulligan's new movie, starring Richard Gere in the Natalie Wood part, seems obsessed with the toilet humor and gutter anger of a family of hair-on-their-backs Archie Bundos. (Can it be that Seventies movies have exhausted the comic and poetic possibilities of the word "fuck"?) Mulligan stages this relentless series of shouting matches about three inches from the camera; he wants the spit and the sweat of these macho men to spray the audience. This gives the movie an operatic intensity—if by operatic we mean Luciano Pavarotti singing "Di quella pira" through a bull horn into your ear. Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, Lelia Goldoni and the Film's other once-and-future fine actors should have been advised that, in movie theaters, a miracle of modern electronics conveys both dialogue and gestures to the last row of the balcony; lung power and sign language are superfluous.

For all its four-letter culminations, *Bloodbrothers* is curiously old-fashioned. Its hero—the tough but sensitive teenager trying to break away from his family—would be at home in *Saturday Night Fever*, *Rebel Without A Cause* or *Romeo and Juliet*. (After this film and *Days of Heaven*, dishy Richard Gere finds himself in a strange predicament: he's a sure-to-be-movie star who hasn't made a star movie.) Elmer Bernstein's music, like Mulligan's camera, is always there, and always too close; this movie doesn't let you discover a thing on your own. In its manipulation of cinema for sentiment's sake, *Bloodbrothers* is as dogmatic as *Mrs. Minniver* or any other movie released in the summer of '42. *Plus ca change* . . .

Goin' South. Paramount Pictures seems already to have decided that Jack Nicholson's first film as both star and director is goin' nowhere. Like *The Driver* and *Big Wednesday*, two other eagerly awaited movies that made quick exits, *Goin' South* wasn't released—it escaped. But it wouldn't hurt you to track down this lurchingly eccentric Western comedy about a scuzzy outlaw (Nicholson) who's saved from the gallows when a spinster lady (newcomer Mary Steenburgen) agrees to marry him. It takes a while to get into the movie's rhythm. You may begin by laughing through your nose—*they can't mean that!* Nicholson *isn't* going to spend the whole movie in a ratty beard, scratching himself, and doing an imitation of Gabby Hayes with a sinus condition! Not *every* character is always going to be talking to himself! You may get about an hour into the movie—around the time Nicholson and Deputy Sheriff Christopher Lloyd face off across a saloon table, and mug astonishment so broadly their popping eyeballs almost meet in the middle of the table—before you realize that *Goin' South* is an old Warner Bros. cartoon version of the weird cult Westerns Nicholson made with Monte Hellman back in the mid-sixties. Mary Steenburgen, who comes across as a dark-haired, sad-eyed Jean Arthur (and good luck to her), provides most of the plot twists and gentle moments. But the pervasive mood of *Goin' South* is cheerful, loud, stoned on its own craziness—a real paper-bag lady of a movie. ●

Music/by Michael Goldberg

"WE ARE DEVO!"

You can say we're five spud boys from Ohio in our early to late twenties," says Jerry Casale, bass player for Devo. "It's a word we came up with back in Akron to describe our situation. We were spuds. Everyone around us were spuds. Spuds can be found everywhere. It's the common vegetable, the lowly potato. We come from the mass. We are plain. It's just a general recognition of the idea that people are more similar than they are different."

Devo is not punk. Devo is more than punk. Much more. As the band often repeats cryptically, "We are Devo!"

Elliot Roberts' Sunset Boulevard office has a brown carpet, tan velvet couch, wood walls and beige chairs. Very calm. Very mellow. It suits him. Together with David Geffen, he started L.A.'s "mellow" record label, Asylum Records, some years back. He is the man who guided Crosby, Stills and Nash, Joni Mitchell and Neil Young to fame and fortune. He has just signed on as manager for Devo, who are anything but mellow. "Neil called me at four in the morning and asked me if I'd heard of this band called Devo," says Roberts. "He said it was the best music he'd ever heard."

Onstage, the Devo members are outfitted in matching white rubber coveralls, greased and neatly combed short hair and bug-eyed welding goggles. Like rockin' robots stamped from the same mold, they move in unison in short, jerky, mechanical motions. Devo onstage not only resemble a cloned team of anonymous factory workers, they become the factory, as they relentlessly produce an aural-visual report on planet Earth, 1978.

Yet this machine has soul. The blank generation becomes the bump generation during a Devo performance. Gathering in the punk dives across the country, Devo fans work themselves into a collective frenzy until they are one sweaty, rocking, boogeying mass chanting, "We are Devo! We are Devo!" into the early hours of the morning.

At Roberts' office, Devo members are positioned in various parts of the room. All look like M.I.T. graduates with their dark slacks, button-down, long-sleeve shirts, short hair and oversized plastic-framed glasses. They appear normal, almost unnervingly so, except for singer-synthesizer and keyboard player-songwriter Mark Mothersbaugh, who is wearing a thin black tie with a small piece of white cloth that has "boy" sewn on it. And guitarist Bob Mothersbaugh, Mark's younger brother, wears a pair of blood red shoes that look like the coming thing for Martians.

But Devo didn't come from Mars. They didn't even come from California. Devo was spawned in Akron, Ohio. Sometimes known as "Rubber City," Akron is the home of Goodyear Tires. "Akron is devoid of culture in the sense that people think of culture," says Jerry Casale. "It was a place that we had to get out of. It's a dead space. No wave." One wonders what, in this forsaken city, could have ignited Devo's interest in art? "We were hungry," says Casale.

As he talks, the other members of Devo, including drummer Alan Myers and guitarist Bob Casale, Jerry's younger brother, scarcely move. The ambience is slightly eerie. "They think interviews are stupid," Jerry Casale says of the others. "They think talking is stupid."

Devo, who took up residence in L.A. several months ago, was formed in 1972. "We wanted to expose the gods," continues Casale. "We just did a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree switch on everything that was happening in rock and roll. Turned it inside out. We were tired of glitter Las Vegas-type rock acts. It all became a bad cliche."

"Devo" is short for the "de-evolution band." The group believes the human race has ceased moving up the evolutionary ladder and that, in fact, man has been engaged in a steady downhill plunge toward animalistic chaos. "We're here to repeat the sad truth that there must be a 'd' placed before evolution," says Casale. Devo have concocted their own de-evolutionary mythology, which is, perhaps, best summed up in "Jocko Homo," a song they released as a single on their own Booji Boy record label nearly two years ago: "They tell us that/We lost

Potato Rock: According to the ad campaign, "The important sound of things falling apart"

our tails/Evolving up/From little snails/I say it's all/Just wind in sails/Are we not men?/WE ARE DEVO!/We're pinheads now/We are not whole/We're pinheads all/Jocko Homo/Are we not men?/D-E-V-O."*

"There's this book," begins Casale. He interrupts himself and looks over at Mark Mothersbaugh. "Should we tell him about the book?"

Mothersbaugh breaks his silence and says solemnly, "I think so."

"It's called *The Beginning Was the End: Knowledge Can Be Eaten,*" Casale continues. "It's been discredited by the scientific community. It says we're all descended from cannibalistic apes who ate the brains of other apes because they found it increased their knowledge and their sex drive. They killed off the other strains of apes. So what it did was increase the size of their brains so fast that their skulls couldn't grow fast enough to accommodate them. When that happened they started to go nuts and get evil and perverted. And humans are descended from those apes. It would explain the whole order of society and political power and people subjugating people and blowing them away. Explains it all."

Devo's songs are short takes, quick cuts, poignant slices of bizarre scenarios piled one on top of the other for maximum impact. They use quirky, modernistic imagery: a girlfriend killed by debris falling from space, a Mongoloid in a business suit. Songs like "Praying Hands" and "Shrivel-up" portend a world where God is dead and community is gone. There are no love songs in the Devo repertoire, just extreme tension. "Uncontrollable Urge" and "Gut Feeling" capture the sense of powerlessness and frustration that characterize the seventies, while "Too Much Paranoias" is a response to the proliferation of fast food "restaurants" and other such assaults on the human condition.

"Our songs just come from continually interacting with the environment," says Casale. "Watching horrible scenes in supermarkets. Things go through us. We process them. We don't ignore them. Bad dreams, TV commercials, quack books, and at some point something will add up. You drive to the supermarket and some hillbilly woman beats her kid on the head when he tries to look at some comic book or the latest 'Close Encounters' rubber puppet and she wants to go over to the hair rollers. You leave there and some guy in a Gucci belt and shoes gets stopped by a cop and pays him off. And it all happens within a half-hour and pretty soon there's a song."

Devo make tomorrow's rock today—Roxy Music meets the Rolling Stones at the space station. Synthesizers and alien sounds are integrated into powerful hard rock on their first album, *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are DEVO!* (Warner Brothers), produced by Brian Eno in Cologne, Germany. The synthesizers are used to create the poisonous zap of ray guns out of a Flash Gordon flick, the raw, crude crack of whips snapping, the high-pitched chatter of extraterrestrial beings and the constant, near subliminal hum of air-conditioned, modern offices. If Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* had featured a rock sound track, it would have sounded like this. Devo's music implies the idea of science gone truly berserk.

Devo have completed two short films, *The Truth About De-Evolution* and *Satisfaction*, in collaboration with producer-photographer Chuck Statler. These films are shown before each Devo performance and on the midnight movie circuit. Both of them intercut footage of Devo performing with surrealistic scenes that correspond to song lyrics. Devo were recently filmed while performing at San Francisco's punk rock club, the Mabuhay Gardens, as part of a nightmare sequence in a film Dean Stockwell is making with Neil Young, tentatively titled, *The Human Highway*.

Devo's topsy-turvy philosophy and futuristic rock-and-roll has sparked the interest of that grand image-monger of rock, David Bowie, and his sidekick, Detroit's punk rock godfather, Iggy Pop. "We brought this tape to Bowie last year," says Casale. "He and Iggy listened to it. They both laughed a lot, figured we couldn't possibly exist. Iggy told us that David and him used to say that no band like us could exist in America because Americans would kill us." And Mick Jagger heard Devo's version of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" when the group was in New York earlier this year. "He started dancing by the second verse," says Casale. "He jumped around until the end of it. He said, 'You little cuties look a lot different than your pictures,' and held up a wine glass and left."

Despite a bizarre stage persona and seemingly eccentric lyrics, Devo convey a sense of both sincerity and urgency in their art—something that's been missing from rock for a long time. Devo, in fact, did not spring from a calculated, cynical exhibitionism but are rooted in the political idealism of the sixties. Casale, who was a student at Kent State, explains bitterly, "I saw Allison Krause from about thirty feet away after the Guardsmen blew away about half her torso. That day was devo. It might have been the most devo day of my life. There was no need to ask the question, 'Are we not men?' on that day."

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

Van Morrison has one of those rare voices that can summon a world by singing a word. Exploding syllables, scatting with inscrutable intensity, he sings tensely, pulling sounds from the other side of a public presence that often seems distracted, too busy transcribing an inner voice to effectively project outward. American soul rebaptized as hermetic poetry, his art defies easy categorization. Its eclecticism is conspicuous: a bit of Ray Charles, Bob Dylan, Randy Newman, a dash of Irish pipe song, Tex-Mex accordion, West Coast jazz, above all the blues. A melange, perhaps, but Morrison stamps any genre with his own sense of the world; unlike Ry Cooder, say, he is no curator of musical museum pieces.

Wavelength (Warner Bros.), his new album, follows on the heels of last year's disappointing *A Period of Transition*, an effort that broke a three year absence from the recording studio. Where *Transition* suffered from stilted production and arrangements by Dr. John, *Wavelength* has the right *feel*, loose but swinging. Bass, drums, electric guitar and Van's own acoustic guitar lay the groundwork for some rather idiosyncratic sweetening: horns appear on only three cuts, while a synthesizer snakes conspicuously through several others.

The best songs here evoke a lilting kind of sixties soul that is not very fashionable these days. Like the Rascals from the period of "Groovin'," Morrison has a nuanced touch that can carry off mid-tempo ballads with style and feeling: "Natalia" is one of the strongest cuts on the album. On "Checkin' It Out," he works a tighter groove, reaching back for some effective Bobby Bland growls. He resembles Bland in his ability to coax an expressive eroticism out of what, in another singer, might merely sound like someone clearing his throat.

But *Wavelength* is uneven. I'm not entirely happy with the gossamer sonorities the synthesizer goes after here, or with the two long cuts on side two. Side one is more consistent with some exhilarating, if typical, up-tempo stuff ("Kingdom Hall"), a mixed stab at New Orleans funk ("Venice U.S.A.") and a peculiar track called "Lifetimes," which features male chorus, harpsichord and tambourine. Perhaps the unevenness is less important than the animating sensibility, though. Even if he breaks little new ground, Van Morrison is back on track with this album.

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

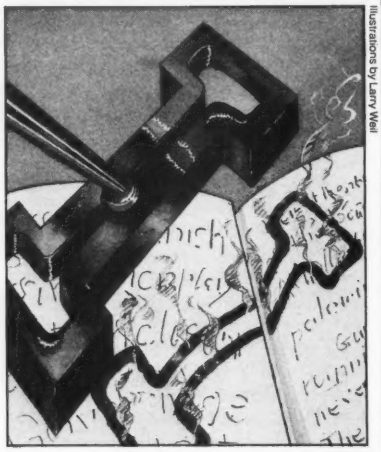
THE ANXIOUS OUTLAW RIDES AGAIN

Panama
by Thomas McGuane.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
(175 pp., $7.95).

Willie Nelson's Red Headed Stranger is the consummate outlaw. In the album named for him a cowboy meets a woman, falls in love and marries her. She betrays him. The Red Headed Stranger rides into Blue Rock Montana, finds his wife and her lover drinking in a tavern, and "they died with their smiles on their faces." He buries his beloved and rides out on his raging black stallion, leading his wife's bay pony. A Yellow Haired Woman covets the bay and touches it. The Red Headed Stranger shoots her dead. The Woman never heard the warning chorus: "Don't cross him, don't boss him/ He's wild in his sorrow/ He's ridin' and hidin' his pain;/ Don't fight him, don't spite him/ Just wait till tomorrow/ And maybe he'll ride on again."*

The saga is told in ballads linked melodically, metrically and thematically and broken by love lyrics. The love songs are in first person, the ballads in third. The former are plangently self-absorbed, the latter, historical. *Red Headed Stranger* arouses pity and terror by a terse recitation of events in the warm,engaged voice of the singer.

It would degenerate into farcical bavardage were the narrative voice altered: *Don't cross me, don't boss me/ I'm wild in my sorrow*... I linger over Willie Nelson's success better to explain Thomas McGuane's failure in *Panama*, his fourth and current novel. I know of no contemporary writer who more closely identifies with the frontier outlaw tradition, or is better equipped, on form, to resurrect its manners and implications. McGuane's first novel, *The Sporting Club* (1969), is set in Michigan and populated with contemporary American aristocrats, but its preoccupation with the codes and catastrophes of blood-sports draws attention to a time and location previous to the "civilization" of America. *The Bushwhacked Piano* (1971) is a genial and energetic narrative about a nay-saying young


Illustrations by Larry Wein

lover, and "horses that will not allow themselves to be ridden." *Ninety-Two in the Shade* (1973) is a meditation on violence and anarchism, survival and vengeance. It carries the iron laws of the frontier forward to our time, and to places at the edges of our experience: Key West and the Far West.

McGuane, 38, has been consistent in his fixations. His screenplay for Arthur Penn's *Missouri Breaks* (about horse thieves and a bounty hunter) was better than the send-up it got from Marlon Brando; *Rancho Deluxe*, with Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston as a couple of contemporary cattle rustlers, the latter an outlaw Indian and the former an outlaw American aristocrat, is funny, ironic, and gritty, making no extreme claims. It locates the angst that moves both lead characters to shoot other men's cattle with a Sharps buffalo rifle.

Unlocated angst buries *Panama*, or what's left of it, after its first-person narrative has lubriciously loved itself to death. McGuane demonstrates what would have happened had Willie Nelson's Red Headed Stranger sung in a crowded tavern: *Don't cross me! Don't boss me! Don't fight me! Don't spite me!*

Chester Hunnicutt Pomeroy tells his own story. He has been a wildly successful outlaw showman, probably a singer in the manner of Mick Jagger, but this is never specified. His method has been to crank up the outrage progressively each time he appeared, and the badder he got the more he was taken as a prophet. Until finally he went too far, emerging in one final act from the rectum of a dead elephant, then throwing up on the mayor of New York, then breaking down. It got to be too much for Catherine. Catherine was Chet's wife, though he had forgotten where, when or if they were married. She left him and fled to Key West, where Chet had been raised by ship-builders, where he has come to win her back.. *Panama* is about that courtship, and about death.

That is, it is an exploration of loss, told by someone who *chooses* to regard himself as a loser. Chet is in fact a winner, and on this *in fact* the novel founders. The narrator blusters and warns: ". . . under certain circumstances, I myself will stop at nothing." To prove this, he almost chops off his finger to mail to Catherine, who won't have him back, and then—*this time I really mean it!*—he nails his own hand to her door. It pleases Chet to regard himself as an outsider, even among his "idiot forebears with their accusations, and their steady signal that, whatever I thought I was, I was not the real thing." But of course he's the real thing; he tells us again and again he's the real thing. With the narrative in his hands, he shows us he's the real thing.

His voice tells us he'll stop at nothing, take crap from no man or woman. Of course the odds are rigged, and Chet more often than not finds himself *mano a mano* with bumblepuppies: fat cops, a sexually perverted agent attached to International Famous and a room clerk. Room clerks ought to form an antidefamation league: When was the last time you saw a movie or read a novel wherein an angry private eye or seeker of a missing person didn't grab a nasal-voiced, snotty room clerk by his hair/ear/nose or necktie? Chet asks a room clerk for the room of a man named Mory. The room clerk says, reasonably enough, "That's not enough for me to go on." Chet says, "I think you're hearing the name Mory as being all I know of this person and I think that you'll find the room number and even remember what he looks like." Then Chet comments on what he has said: "When you are tired in a certain way" *(Don't cross me!)* "you can say things like that; a matter of what is the least you'll go through with," (*Don't spite me!*); "and above all, how you are to be avoided if you have a mean streak." *(Maybe I'll ride on again.)*.

Of course Chet is a coker. His family's shipyard is on the skids, but he doesn't care: "I didn't care about the money at all. I have put that shipyard up my nose ten times over." And like

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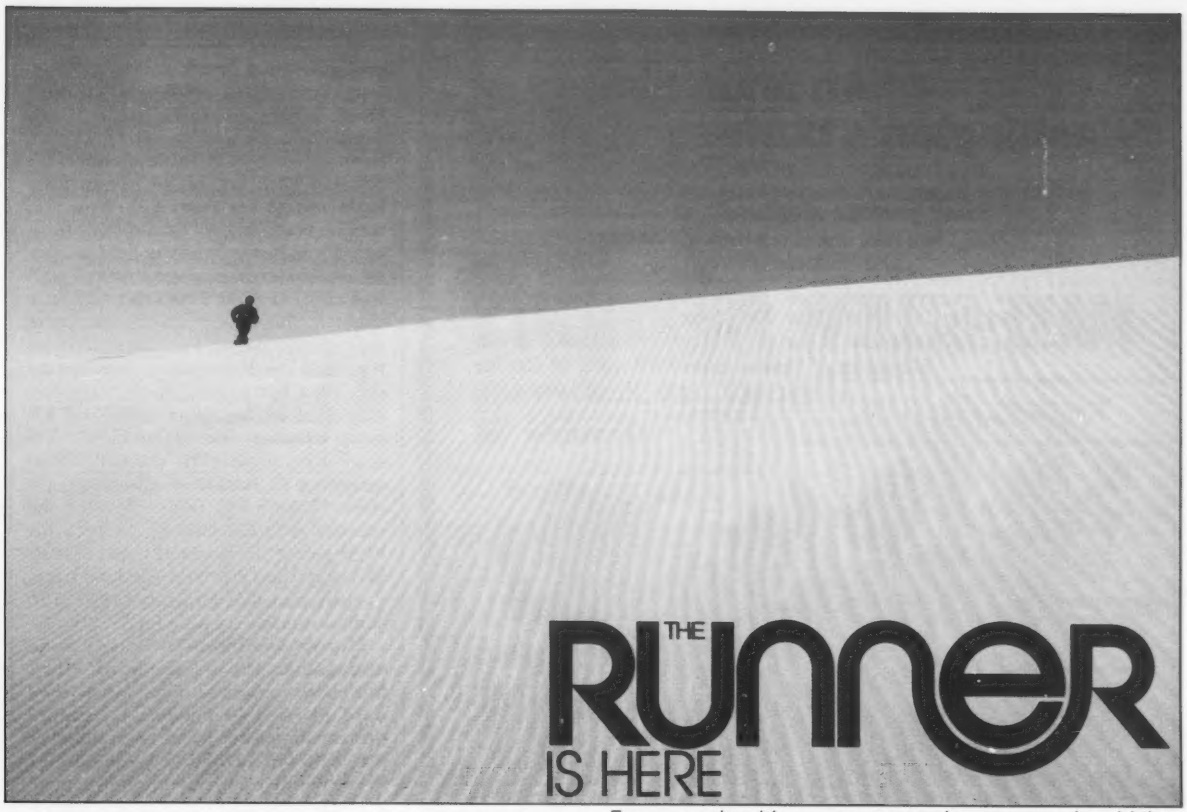

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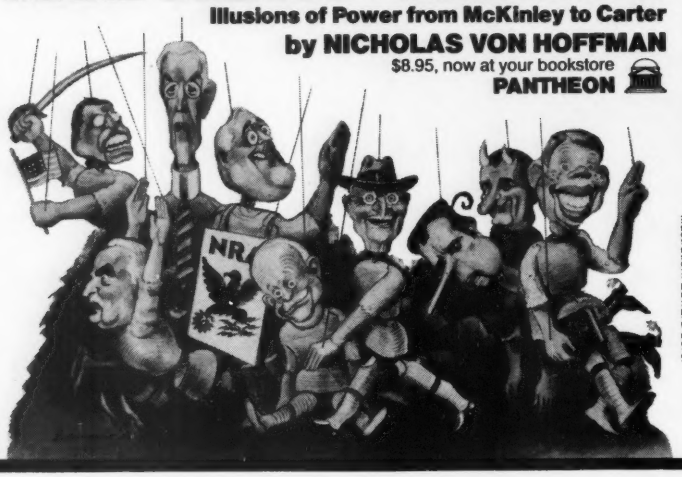

Illustration: Edward Sorel

that rival outlaw Hunter Thompson, Chet wallows in the lingo: "My eyes were out on wires and I was grinding my teeth. When I chopped that shit, it fell apart like a dog biscuit. Bolivian rock. I didn't care. I just made the rails about eight feet and blew myself a daydream with a McDonald's straw. Let them try and stop me now!"

Clearly, McGuane's prose is by no means inept, unfinished or languid. His comic timing and idiom can be dauntingly accurate. The novel begins with a drug bust: "Most people I heard talking thought it was just too Cuban for words." The next page tells that the cops picked up Chet's dog: "The phone number was on her collar and they could have called. I knew how badly they had wanted to use the gas. But then, they're tired of everything. The wind blows all winter and gets on your nerves. It just does. They have nothing but their uniforms and the hopes of using the gas."

As sharp as these two passages are, they are symptomatic of *Panama*'s principal vice: A narrative scheme that pits Us against Them, lets Us overhear Their dumb conversations, invites Us to regard ourselves as Their victims. This strategy has many ancestors, but none so kindred as the antagonism formulated in *The Ginger Man* by J.P. Donleavy's hero: "I think we are the natural aristocrats of the race. Come before our time. Born to be abused by them out there with the eyes and the mouths."

In *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, McGuane called the ones with the eyes and mouths "out there" denizens of "Hotcakesland." Condescension is endemic to outlaws who sing of their own outlawry: Chet flies from New York to Key West, and beneath him lies "my little America, my baby madhouse, deployed towns and farms and cities against the icy ruinous transept of time and the awful thing which awaits it." This is overwrought and unearned: The possessive pronoun alienates the narrator from his reader's sympathy.

McGuane brings back the trophies of resurrected conversation, letting his reader eavesdrop on Catherine's girlfriend telling about her childhood: "When we moved to Tampa. My mother worked for a pirate-type-atmosphere restaurant. Then she was a target for a knife thrower, and ran an addressograph. Jack-of-all-trades kind of deal I guess."

Wonderful, wonderful! Here's one of *Panama*'s best moments, and it shows what McGuane can do when his narrator listens with respect. But he usually listens with disrespect. ("Beyond the wall, I could hear sunbathers talking and I eavesdropped on their senseless conversations.") The disrespect is mortal, also unmotivated, and sometimes unfelt. Anxiety, dread, anger and regret are *Panama*'s givens; Chet exhales negation like a Hollywood fog machine blowing mist through a big production number. It's just too Mick Jagger for words. Chet looks out to sea from Key West and sees no boats on the "unemphatic horizon. I was home from the field of agony or whatever you want to call it; I was home from it. I was dead." Pretty rhetoric but—good grief!—on *Panama*'s second page? Two pages later he regards himself as "just a tenant in my self, or a bystander." Roxy, variously identified as his stepmother and his aunt, prepares for remarriage: "'*I'm never going to enjoy life*,' she said. '*I hate everything.*'" Suicide is always an answer: "Like every other child of the century deluded enough to keep his head out of the noose, I expect God's Mercy in the end. Nevertheless, I frequently feel that anybody's refusal to commit suicide is a little fey."

Morose or whimsical: *Panama*'s one or the other. Fey isn't the word. When Catherine reminds Chet that they were married in Panama he studies this intelligence: "I had been married for years but I couldn't for the life of me remember Panama, though I knew it to be very warm and green, with a certain number of coconuts and a sleepy way of life. Panama. Many hats have been manufactured there. And there's that canal!"

The McGuane of *Ninety-Two in the Shade* had better sense than to play a whimsical riff like this. "Facetiousness," I learned there, "can be a way of dancing at the edges of the beautiful; it can also be facetiousness." Here it's just cute, designed to beguile like a Jimmy Buffett tune, like Chet's wise-ass authorial intrusion: "I would describe the contents of Don's room but none of it's of any interest.I know many people who would describe it anyway."

Having written all this, I continue to respect McGuane. I'll read the next book, watch the next movie. He has great gifts, and runs great risks. *Panama* seems a great botch not so much because its vision of the world is aslant but because McGuane chose the wrong character to reveal the vision, and the wrong voice to reveal the character. *Panama* is stifling, and having been locked in a closet hour upon hour with its narrator, you still can't be certain what the hell he means to tell you. Everyone regards him as crazy; he agrees with everyone. He believes that his father is dead. (He is not.) And he believes that his ancestor, Jesse James, is alive. (He is not.) No one in the fiction believes him, or takes him seriously. He doesn't really take himself seriously. Why should I? The question is intractable, I think.

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Vegas Skyline/by Wayne Robins

FINAL TRIBUTE

This has not been Bob Dylan's most artistically memorable year. It began with *Renaldo and Clara*, a four hour excursion into Dylan's psyche that showed Bertolucci Bob to be suffering from a terminal case of *ego trippus americanus*.

Hopes for redemption were shattered with *Street-Legal*, his summer studio album. It wasn't that the songs were that bad, and a few—"Changing of the Guards" and "Senor (Tales of Yankee Power)"—showed flashes of Dylan's once-renowned gift for the oddball rhyme and enigmatic insight. But the production was so careless that the relentless use of neo-soul backup singers rendered it almost unlistenable. It was as if Dylan was as determined as Presley to sabotage his legend by making what sounded like intentionally inferior albums.

No matter how irrelevant his records had become, Dylan always seemed capable of revival in the concert hall. Even if he wasn't composing brilliant new material, his recyclings of his classics have shown wit and vitality. Two years ago, NBC-TV broadcast *Hard Rain*, an hour of music from the 1976 Rolling Thunder Revue tour, and some of it was revelatory. Looking like a cross between the Gaon of Vilna and Jesse James, Dylan and band reconstructed "I Pity the Poor Immigrant" as a calypso jump tune, "Maggie's Farm" as 1950s blues-rock and "A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall" as pastoral country-rock. It all worked on the strength of Dylan's singing: confident, angry, hungry.

This time around, something has changed. Those thousands of people under age 20 who are going to see Bob Dylan on his current tour aren't going to see a concert as much as they are committing an act of faith. Many of these people were in kindergarten when the future of rock and roll sounded like "Like A Rolling Stone." There has been little evidence in their adult lifetime that Bob Dylan is important—or even very good.

In concert September 27 at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, Dylan was Rockaday Johnny, a character he'd lampooned in "Talkin' World War III Blues," one of his earliest recorded songs." Tell your ma, tell your pa, our love's gonna grow, ooh-wah-wah,'" Dylan sang then, mocking what he considered the sterile emotional content of most Tin Pan Alley pop. But Dylan now seems so enamored of middle of the road schlock ("Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow," he sings on "Is Your Love in Vain?") that his show could have been a Barry Manilow concert. The difference is that Manilow has a better band.

Wayne Robins is music critic for Newsday.

It had been rumored that Dylan's new role model as a performer was Neil Diamond, whose Las Vegas show was said to have given Dylan new ideas for presentation. Sure enough, when Dylan's band started the show with an instrumental version of one of his most popular oldies-but-goodies, "My Back Pages," it was not unlike Steve and Eydie's backup band heralding the emergence of the stars with a few riffs from "Go Away, Little Girl."

Dylan, his hair styled (it looked a bit like David Bowie's on top, with curls down the back), his shirt open, offered the same kind of breezy conversational style he'd use in glad-handing the high-rollers at Tahoe. He thanked the audience for its applause and preceded each song by saying: "Here's a song I wrote in 19—".

It was a good thing that Dylan announced the names of the songs before he played them, because it was the only way you could tell what they were. The new arrangements so altered the character of familiar songs that they were almost unrecognizable. "Tangled Up in Blue" was stripped of its energy and performed as a dirge, while the once haunting "Ballad of A Thin Man" was given the foot-stomp, handclap treatment. Dylan sang "You get your facts/from the lumberjacks/when anybody attacks/your imagination" as if it were "Everything's Comin' Up Roses." The ubiquitous background singers (were they the Bobettes?) chanted the end of the chorus—"Do you, Mr. Jones?"—as if this were the Ike and Tina Turner Revue.

The incongruity of the arrangements and the material were fascinating. "Maggie's Farm" went through transitions from Blue Cheer to the Village People, which led one startled critic to comment that Bob "ain't gonna bump in Maggie's disco no more." At times, it could almost have been *Saturday Night Live*, with the camera focusing on the singer and tacking on the subtitle gremlin, "Thinks He's Bob Dylan."

Of course, this tour could be one more example of Dylan's fondness for the cosmic joke, the snide aside, the surreal wisecrack. If so, it's been compromised by his seeming uncertainty as to how far he ought to go. You can't put on a slick Vegas show backed by hippies who play like the Rolling Blunder Revue. You either hire Lady Flash (Manilow's backup group) or the Harlettes and have Doc Severinsen do the arrangements, or you don't do it at all.

To expect Dylan to maintain the musical authority and lyric brilliance of *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde* would be folly. Many self-styled rebels of the sixties are cheered by Dylan's lapsed glory, since it helps them accept the fact that they're doing time at Chase Manhattan, rather than leading the revolution into the eighties. There have been other artistic disasters in Dylan's career—have you listened to *Self Portrait* or *Planet Waves* lately? But he's proven resilient, coming out with vital albums (*John Wesley Harding*, *Blood on the Tracks*, *Desire*) every time he's been given up for lost. It could happen again.

Until then, we have no less an authority than Howard Cosell confirming Dylan's stature as the Ali of rock. Cosell chanted the words of "Forever Young" ("May yaw hands always be busy, may yaw feet always be swift") during Ali's reclamation of the heavyweight title from Leon Spinks. Ali fought like Dylan performed: He danced, he bobbed, he weaved, but without a knockout punch. And, like Ali, Dylan may have fooled a kid once again. But wisdom calls for a graceful retirement, or at least a well-deserved rest. ●

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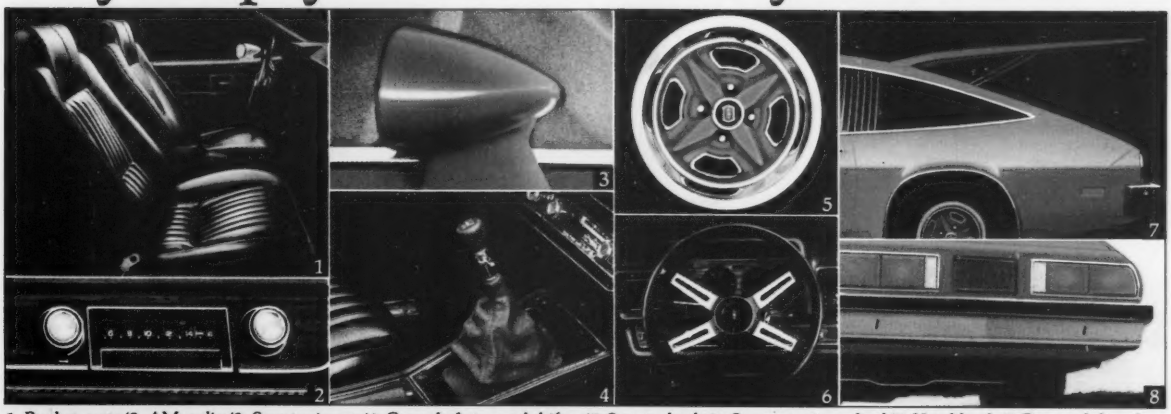

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